The RING

Executive Offices
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
New York, N. Y.

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NOVEMBER, 1923

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THE RING

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The Way of the Old-Fashioned

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

IT has become suddenly old-fashioned to write of affection, or of friendship, or of anything that binds beyond selfish interest. Before psychology emotion has become merely a scientific fact, to be studied, solved, catalogued and finally filed away carefully between the case containing the strange beauty of dead butterflies and the latest data on infant mortality.

We progress—and banish romance; or, at least, we accept it as we do other natural phenomena; the circulation of the blood for example, or the functioning of the digestive apparatus.

To be romantic is to be Victorian; and to be Victorian is to admit stagnation in an age of movement. So we deny generous emotion as such, and concern ourselves with dissecting it, explaining it, labelling it; everything except confessing it. Thus we prove ourselves moderns.

Still, there are old-fashioned people in the world, a few dead oaks unfallen in a forest of young pine; and who among them more steeped in antiquity than those who follow a trade now almost outlawed; who stand to lose fortunes on the turn of a card, or the faltering stride of a favorite; who are more old-fashioned than the few remaining members of the old school of gamblers?

They have their own codes and their own ways. Not all that they do, little in fact, is approved by a sacrosanct world. But there is one trait they adhere to faithfully, one rule that we might all adopt. Their word is their bond. By it they hold fast, whether the holding means ruin or a new turn of fortune.

Tom Edwars was of the old-fashioned school of gambler. He backed his judgment, scorning any underhand means of gaining his ends. He collected his information and invested in his appraisal of it, or he played his stakes on his own knowledge of a card game. That was all. That he won fairly consistently merely meant that he guessed rightly more often than those who disagreed, in a monetary way, with his views.

He was straight, was Tom Edwars—old "Gold-Cable Tom," as he was named in the days when he was more given to the wearing of jewelry than he is now that age is settling upon him.

If the old-fashioned gambler held his word his bond, Tom Edwars held it his religion. He seldom made promises, but when he did he went to the end of the earth, if it was necessary—and twice it had been—to make good his pledge.

There was a time back in the wilder days of Chicago, before people paid much attention to reforming everyone except themselves, when the world did not treat "Gold-Cable Tom" as generously as it does now.

"They had me sparring ten fast rounds to get a dime then," Tom says reminiscently, whenever he falls to discussing those times. "Yes, sir, they had me always three meals behind time and never gave me a chance to catch up. I was like the mule with the ear of corn tied in front of it. I never could get even with the feed-bag—only, they didn't tie anything to eat in front of me. I was a lap and a half behind a good mouthful of fresh air."

How it came that Tom fell upon evil days no one knew. He might talk of effects, but the old gambler was not given to discussing causes. If he had been broke, that was history and might so be recorded. The ways were his own business. There were some rumors about town for a while that a girl had been behind it—a girl with a cough and no money. But "Gold-Cable Tom" never admitted it. Instead, he gruffly changed the subject when any hint of such a background was dropped by the curious.

One thing he would talk on at length, and that was his indebtedness to "Red" Moore, the gruff, kind-hearted Irishman who kept the Wolf Tone Cafe in the old Chicago days.

"Never had a reason in the world for knowing that I was on the level, or not," Tom would say to his cronies.

"I wandered into his place one night; I knew him a little off and on, and he must have guessed that I was up against it.

"He came over to me and said, 'Broke, huh?'

"'What t'ell is it your business?' I asked him. "I was a kid then and pretty fresh, I guess. Now I don't mind telling anyone that I'm broke. They won't believe it anyway. But then I thought it was a crime to let anyone know that I didn't have a thin dime to run against the side of my trousers pocket.

"Anyway," Tom would go on, "this generous Mick says to me, 'Well, I only thought maybe you'd like to wrap yourself around a thick, juicy steak, and maybe a couple of glasses of beer with some boiled spuds—but if it ain't any of my business'—

"Well, I could have taken a terrible sock at myself then for being so fresh, because I hadn't had a bite to eat all day long, but I was too stubborn to say anything. I just kept quiet, but I guess he must have seen something sort of longing-like in my eyes, because he just beckoned to one of the waiters and when he came over he said to him, 'Fix this kid up with whatever he wants—and don't let him get out of here without seeing me.'

"I didn't know then whether that last remark meant that I was going to be held up for the dough or not, but I didn't much care. If I got the food they could take it out of me in kicks if they wanted to. I was too hungry to worry much. So I followed the waiter to the back room and I ate everything the law allowed.

"When I was all done 'Red' Moore strolled back and chatted with me a minute or two. Before I left he slipped something into my hand. 'Pay me back when you get it,' he said. It was a twenty-dollar bill—and that could carry you quite a way in those days.

"Well, I swore then that if I ever had a chance to do a good turn for 'Red' Moore or anyone connected with him I would, but I never have had the chance. He died when I was in Europe and I tried to make it back in time to get hold of his family and see how they were fixed, but I missed the first boat and when I did get out to Chicago they had moved out to California—a widow and two boys.

"But I guess they must have had some dough at that."

"Lazy" Phillips came East with a youngster who had been going great guns out on the Coast in the four-round game, and after he had copped off a few pretty good welters around, the kid was matched to meet Maury Loans, that tough old-timer who had

(*Continued on page* 16)

A Double Knockout Amid Thrilling Circumstances

By DON CEE

FUNNY things happen here and there in the boxing game and especially away down in the far reaches of the Southwest where the "mesquite" thrives. San Antonio, Texas, claims the championship freak fight of the year, and the claim is well founded, as you will all agree after reading this.

Our story centers about a Texas boxing arena a few weeks ago that was packed by several thousand Texan and Texacan fight fanatics, by Texacans, we mean Americanized Mexicans. To make it more thrilling the whole show took place on one of those nights (a Texas rainy night) which means, that now it sprinkles a little rain, now it clears up, then sprinkles again, clears once more, then comes a deluge, a cloud burst and torrents of water to drown the townsfolk. This is just what happened at the psychological moment of the most thrilling fight it has ever been our experience to witness.

Now for the main issue. Gene Larue, midget flyweight, French-Canadian champion of Canada, one of the cleanest cut little leather pushers who ever pulled on a glove, and Kid Pancho, flyweight champion of Mexico and the classiest little performer with his mitts in the Southwest, were carded to battle twelve rounds, which bout, was destined not to go the limit, as it ended in the last half of the fourth round, by one of those seldom seen coincidences, a double knockout.

The battle until the ending, was a vicious affair. Both boys tore into each other hammer and tongs. You know! One of those fights where each boy is egotistical enough to believe he can win if he tries hard enough and each is doing his level best to win. Outside of their ego, the contestants bore no love for each other, which made the affair all the more interesting from a spectator's standpoint.

From the first gong on, all was action. The boys sprang at each other at the first bell with a willingness that made the patrons forget all about the drizzle and threatening downpour. Larue came out in his usual Southpaw fashion, jabbing with his right and nestling his poison poke down around his belt line. Larue was like the bait on a fish hook, with Pancho, the eager Spanish Mackerel, darting in and out and around trying to get a bite, without getting hooked. The first round ended about even, with the fans all standing on their seats and yelling like Comanche Indians.

It started to rain a little harder as the second round began. The little fellows sprang out to do their stuff on a wet canvas. They swung from all angles, both trying to end the bout with one punch. Pancho landed the first effective blow in this round, as he caught Larue somewhere around the medula with a wild swing, which upset the little Canadian, who remained down for a count of four, then came up fighting so viciously, that Pancho was glad when the round was over.

A NEW SERIES

By James K. McGuinness

Whose laughable Adventures of Kid Socko so greatly entertained readers of THE RING when they appeared in this magazine.

The new series is even more whimsical and humorous than the Socko one. It presents an entirely new character in the world of boxing—one that guarantees a hearty laugh in almost every sentence.

READ THE WHOLE SERIES
in
THE RING.

The first story will appear in the near future.

They came up for the third round, both boys fighting like tom cats. The rain was coming down heavily, but the rabid fans by this time cared not a whit if a deluge came, for they were craving more and more of such action as they had been seeing. Pancho was sliding around the ropes, waiting for the little Canuck to lead, then he would pounce in, raining lefts and rights with fury upon Larue, who was still waiting doggedly for an opening to swing his deadly left in.

The chance came. Larue caught the little Spaniard's hands up, and plop, in came that left hand like a streak of lightning and down went Pancho. It looked like curtains for the San Antone boy, for he remained in a coma up until the seven count, but finally staggered to his feet before the fatal ten.

He then wisely went into a clinch and held on until the cobwebs cleared. Larue pulled and hauled, punched and poked during the period of Pancho's holding after the knockdown, but to no avail, as the little Texacan was not to be denied his chance to remain on his feet during the remainder of the round while he was conscious. By this time everything and everybody in the open air arena was soaked and drenched by the steady downpour of rain, but no one left. All were there to see the finish and every one sensed that it would not be long delayed with the sort of action the little fellows were putting out.

They were right, for in the first minute of the fourth round, both boys rammed into grief. Larue telegraphed a long left swing and Pancho countered wtih a hard right. Zowie, both landed at the same time, Larue striking Pancho in the solar plexus and Pancho's right swing finding Larue's chin.

Both boys fell like poled oxen, face downward and lay quivering while the referee started his count. The startled fans were stricken dumb and the referee was the only one making sound waves. He tolled off six before the breathless throng could collect its senses. Then came seven, eight, nine, ten and the spell thrown over the audience was broken, for there was a double knockout. Wildly gesticulating, the horde of fanatics packed into the ringside to see if their eyes had told them right. It was true, both the little men were stretched out, still dead as skinned steers, it was a double knockout registered simultaneously.

Then a cloud burst and the excited fans skampered for shelter. Boxing history was made for San Antonio, Texas, as this is the first incident of its kind to happen during the long years of boxing here.

Truly, it was a sight that fans would pay big money to see. It was the second meeting between the two little fellows within two weeks. The first bout ended in a fluke also when Larue missed a wide swing at Pancho and dove through the ropes on his head knocking himself unconscious on a floor bolt near the edge of the ring platform.

Looks like the two little fellows will have to be rematched to find out which will be the final winner. In another battle it is certain Larue and Pancho will draw a record house.

Shades of Stanley Ketchel and Bob Fitzsimmons

By VERNON VAN NESS

MANY an old-timer sat at the ringside at the Polo Grounds a few weeks ago and nodded his head in a sad way when he saw Champion Johnny Wilson drop his middleweight crown at the feet of Harry Greb. Not a few old-timers in the meagre crowd had seen some of the great champions of this class of other days.

Not discrediting Greb in his victory, these old-timers, nevertheless, looked with pity upon Greb when they contemplated the Pittsburger facing Bob Fitzsimmons, Stanley Ketchel, Tommy Ryan, Billy Papke.

"Greb is the best man that has held the title in a long while," declared one old-timer at the ringside. (You will have to pardon me, though, if I laugh up my sleeve.) "Imagine Greb against Bob Fitzsimmons, or Stanley Ketchel. Holy smoke! I hate to think of the carnage."

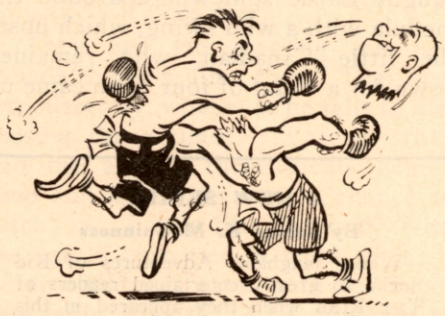
You will have to pardon me, though, if I laugh up my sleeve.

"Two of the greatest fights I ever saw were middlewieght battles, and in each of them the same actors appeared. The first was when Papke knocked out Ketchel in twelve rounds and the next was when Ketchel regained his middleweight title by knocking out Papke in eleven rounds.

"Those were real fights. There were no slaps and pats and wild swings that missed. They were blood affairs with terrific blows landed.

"Ketchel and Papke knew how to hit. No love taps. Just terrific socks that sent the brain reeling. That bout was staged at Los Angeles on Sept. 7, 1908. Ketchel was the undisputed middleweight king. He had battered and smashed everything before him. He was called the 'Michigan Assassin,' and he certainly deserved such a name. The bout was staged in the afternoon before a packed house. Ketchel entered the ring a big favorite. No one, hardly, figured he could lose, much less be knocked out.

"But Papke, a wonderful fighter himself, cool, hard hitting, aggressive, had studied Ketchel in many bouts and had figured out a weakness in the champion's defense. He had planned his battle to be a rushing affair to catch Ketchel unawares. Thus as the first round opened Papke dashed into



Ketchel and Papke knew how to hit. No love taps.

the fray, crashed a terrific right to Ketchel's jaw, and for the remainder of the session kept pounding and crushing blow after blow at Ketchel's jaw.

"The champion was dazed by that first blow, though he fought back like a wounded tiger. Round after round Papke tore into Ketchel, cutting, bruising, slashing, drawing blood until Ketchel looked like a raw steak. Ketchel fought back, too, fought back as one with his lion heart could not help but fight, and he damaged Papke greatly. But he never recovered from that first blow and went through the twelve rounds in a half daze.

"Finally in the twelfth round Papke feinted with the left, crossed with a terrific right and dropped Ketchel. Steve went down as if he had been struck with an axe. Jim Jeffries, who was the referee, counted to eight before Ketchel could clamber to his feet, and with his hands at his side, head thrust out, moving in to meet Papke's attack, Ketchel again was felled with a right. Again Jeffries counted, and this time he counted Ketchel out, though the champion was climbing painfully and blindly to his feet as the final and fateful second was tolled off.

"Ah, but you couldn't keep a man like Ketchel down for long. That man was a wonder. I don't say he was as great a fighter as Fitz, because I think Fitz was the greatest fighter since Sullivan, but as a middleweight Ketchel was surpassed only by Fitz, in my estimation.

"When I see these middleweights nowadays I like to look back on that second Ketchel-Papke with a lot of pride, I can tell you. The fight was in Frisco, on Nov. 26, 1908. Ketchel entered the ring determined to get revenge. That night Ketchel was at his best.

"His steely eyes glinted mercilessly throughout every round. He battered Papke badly from the very start, had him weak and wobbly as early as the fifth round and seemed able to put his man away almost at will, but he just kept battering, cutting, cruelly beating Papke until he himself tired of the orgy in the eleventh round and went out with one of those almost unbelievably brilliant flashing, dashing attacks, crashed into Papke with left and right cross, dropped his man and then stood back, a wry smile on his face, denoting satisfaction. Papke got to his feet and Ketchel blazed another left and right.

He fought back like a wounded tiger.

"Papke didn't know where he was at or what was happening. He had been beaten and crushed for so many rounds. He didn't know whether Referee Welsh had counted one or a hundred. As a matter of fact, Welsh counted eleven, tolling each second to the call of Timekeeper George Harding, who held the watch.

"When it was over Papke was able to rise, but he didn't know if he was in California or China. He was out and didn't know it. Ketchel was pleased in that stocial manner of his. He was avenged. My, what a fight! What middleweights! Will we ever have more like 'em?"

Tad's Tidbits

Old-Time Fighters Were Often Broke and Thought It Fun—Dempsey Laughs as He Tells How He Put in Time as Hobo

By TAD

(World-famous cartoonist and sports expert, whose work appears exclusively in the Hearst publications—used by permission in the Ring)

A GREAT many of our champion pugilists were so poor that they didn't have one dime to rub against another, yet when they talk about it today they seem to enjoy the thoughts immensely.

Jim Corbett told the writer that he didn't have enough money to pay his fare from San Francisco to Portland when he went north as a youngster to meet Dave Campbell. Jim had to borrow the necessary jack from a friend in the Olympic Club.

FITZ BORROWED A HAT FROM BARNEY FARLEY TO HAVE HIS PICTURE TAKEN.

A few years later he was champion heavyweight of the world, tossing change out of cab windows to newsboys.

Old Bob Fitzsimmons had nothing but a few cigarette coupons when he landed from Australia. He went to Barney Farley's, a famous training quarters some miles outside of San Francisco, and lived with Barney until he could get a match. In order to have his photo taken in up-to-date style he was forced to borrow Barney's skimmer.

Not long after that Fitz was rolling in wealth.

Jack Dempsey laughs more over his hobo days than at anything else. One night at his training camp in Atlantic City Jack told of the days when he beat the brakes and chewed raw turnips for meals and he laughed until the tears rolled down his bronzed cheeks. He said:

"I guess I had more fun those days than I ever had in my life."

Below is a clipping we found among a lot of scraps which was cut from a Denver paper. It tells of Jack Johnson, Tom Sharkey, Joe Gans and Spider Kelly when they were Knights of the Railroad Ties. It's quite interesting:

Jack Johnson once fought six rounds for a purse of $9—and he was glad to get it.

The great negro pugilist, who has been rocked along on the tide of prosperity because of his prowess with five-ounce gloves, had his beginning, like many other knights of the twenty-four-ring who paved their way to world's fame, by fighting for a meal ticket.

When Johnson came up from Texas and cast his dark shadow over the Denver pugilistic arena, he was given a preliminary at the Colorado Athletic Club by "Reddy" Gallagher.

This ponderous colored man, hard as a pine knot, showed class, and he won from the fellow whom he was pitted against like a hired man eatin' lettuce.

He had that same free action and confidence which has so consistently characterized him from the time he fought for a meal ticket until he attained championship honors.

Johnson was never egotistical. He had a right to be from the start, but the same unassuming equipose which has been his manner since he has become famous, was true of his early career. This famous prizefighter has always been consistent.

JIM CORBETT HAD TO PUT THE BEE ON A FRIEND FOR CARFARE WHEN HE LEFT HOME FOR HIS FIRST BIG FIGHT

During the year 1900, Tom Sharkey, Joe Gans and a number of other celebrities were scudding about the country unemployed, ready and willing to pick up small sums of money on their reputations.

About this period the prize fighting business was dull and men of reputation in the game were glad of the opportunity of a makeshift match in a mining town for a paltry purse. When the fighting game was unceremoniously closed down in Denver in 1900, Sharkey, Spider Kelly, Joe Gans, Bob Armstrong, Dave Barry, and Johnson, the latter then considered a mediocre fighter, were glad of the chance of an engagement for car fare East.

Jack McKenna, who recently died, and who, by the way, was one of the greatest trainers and managers of prize fighters who ever lived, came to the rescue of the galaxy of pugilists.

JOHNSON, SHARKEY, KELLY AND GANS ALL BROKE WAITING TO GRAB A "SIDE-DOOR PULLMAN" OUT OF CRIPPLE CREEK.

McKenna took them to Leadville and Cripple Creek.

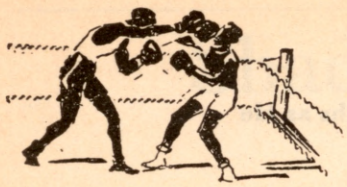
At Leadville, Gans beat four men in the same ring in one night.

"Birdlegs" Collins, a negro preliminary fighter, was the last of the quartet to fall under the mighty hammer blows of Gans.

"Birdlegs," who had an element of gameness in his makeup, but always preferred to quit when the battle became warm for him, stood the gaff with Gans until his face was beaten into an unrecognizable mass.

It was a six-round go. Gans evidently disliked to punish Collins. The latter wanted to quit in the second round, but McKenna was never strong for quitters and he usually emphasized the fact forcibly.

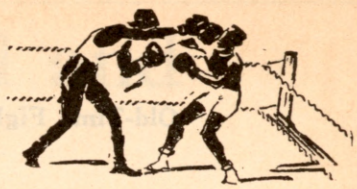
(Continued on page 36)



As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor of THE RING



Stribling-McTigue Fiasco

EVERY honest person, every lover of fair play, every real sportsman, must have felt a flush of shame on reading the reports of the Mike McTigue-Young Stribling bout at Columbus, Ga., on October 4. Here was a plain case of mob rule.

Young Stribling was the challenger, and a native Georgian. Mike McTigue was defending his light heavyweight title. The bout went the limit of ten rounds and the Referee, Harry Ertle, a New Jersey man, declared the bout a draw. Then the mob rose to rule

It was just such a mob as used to follow fighters in the days forty and fifty years ago, when gamblers, impassioned by avarice, ruled the sport. One might have supposed he had been transported back fifty years along time's highway. The mob wanted Stribling declared the winner. The Referee's life was threatened. He was forced to climb back into the ring and in the midst of riotous scenes, according to his official statement, permitted the decision to be reversed. Had he not permitted a high official, Major John Paul Jones, to grasp Young Stribling's arm and raise it in apparent victory, Ertle might have paid for his honesty with his life.

* * *

Mob Rule and Boxing

IT must sicken honest persons who have fought and worked to cleanse boxing of mob rule, of the rule of gamblers, to see it fall so easily into the clutches of unprincipled, unsportsmanlike mobs.

The incident was a severe blow to boxing. We have advanced in civilization and culture in fifty years but we are not yet free of mob rule. It can not be that that mob represented any considerable sentiment of the State of Georgia. Every true thinking, honest and sportsmanlike Georgian will readily repudiate that mob. But it was a disgraceful event that will linger long in the history of boxing under a black bordered heading.

THE RING, which has a considerable circulation in Georgia, is lost for words to express its contempt for that mob. THE RING stands for sportsmanship. For many months reliable reports have come to this magazine showing the real worth of Young Stribling as a boxer and THE RING is not unfamiliar with the shortcomings of McTigue as a champion. But if Stribling were the greatest fighter in the world and McTigue the worst and had Stribling won in every second of battling, it would not, nevertheless, excuse the rule of the mob. The referee's verdict, honest or dishonest, is the last verdict that can be given.

* * *

Like Days of Old

BOXING has stood off its detractors year after year, building up from within. Reformers have attacked the game, rotten spots have developed time after time. Gradually these have been cut out. Rule by recognized and specifically enacted law has raised the game to a high level. And yet the mob is to be be feared. In a State where commission rule governs boxing the disgusting scenes of Columbus, Ga., would not have been tolerated. They would not have been attempted. Once more it is proved that if we are to have boxing it must be under legalized sanction.

The bout in Columbus, Georgia, was staged by a Post of the American Legion, a most unfortunate circumstance, for the American Legion is an honorable institution that is made up of men who fought to eliminate disrespect for law. Worthy as are such associations as the American Legion, there is no gainsaying the fact that boxing thrives best under State Commissions.

Stribling a Young Gentleman

REPRESENTATIVES of THE RING in southern territory have acquainted us with the fact that Young Stribling is a real fighter, a tough boy who has championship ability. Hence, taking their opinion for what we feel it is worth, we are confident that Young Stribling can depose McTigue from his kingdom without the aid of the disgraceful conditions which existed at his recent fight with the world's light heavyweight champion.

Young Stribling is a gentleman of the highest calibre. He is a clean-living, studious high school boy who represents the best that Southern manhood can give us. Hence our regret that so fine a chap, so honest a lad, so capable a fighter and so young a man with a bright future in the roped arena, should have been mixed in such a scandalous affair as the recent Columbus, Georgia, fiasco.

What a disgrace for the man who represents the American Legion, a most honorable organization in America, to point to a tree, according to his own statement to the Associated Press, and inform the principals, Referee Ertle, Joe Jacobs, manager, and McTigue, that unless the fight would be held as per schedule, the three would most likely be strung to a limb of that tree.

"It is true I told Jacobs the crowd was angry and would more than likely hang him if the truth leaked out," the Major said. "I did point to a tree.

"I realized what it would mean when the fans began to pour into the town and learn that the fight had been called off at the eleventh hour."

What a test of true sportsmanship to point to a limb of a tree! And these are the type of men upon whom boxing depends to keep the game before the public!

* * *

Mons. Descamps Enters

MONS. DESCAMPS has offered to train British boxers, believing, he says, that what Britain lacks is not material but proper training. After Mons. Gorgeous Georges Carpentier had flattered Joe Beckett in something like twelve seconds—that is, two seconds of fighting and ten seconds for the referee to count—one could hardly disagree with Descamps.

It seems that in the vast British domain there must be men who can fight within the ring. They certainly could fight on the battlefield. Is it not, then, logical to suppose that the wrong methods of training and improper schooling is responsible?

Tex O'Rourke, our own well-known developer of boxers and promoter of boxing, has been these several months on a still hunt of the British Isles in search of boxing talent, more especially a heavyweight capable of being developed into a world's champion. He, like Descamps, thinks improper training is at the bottom of Britain's decadence in boxing.

There is no denying the pitiable state of boxing in Britain at the present time. Beckett is the heavyweight champion of the Isles and yet he easily can be whipped by any fourth-rate American heavy.

Incidentally, one must not be too optimistic regarding Carpentier's comeback as demonstrated against Beckett. Surely it is a poor index of Georges' rejuvenation.

Georges says he wants to come here to fight Tom Gibbons and then Dempsey. What Georges really means is, not to come to fight, but to come to earn some more money, even at the expense of taking two beatings. Europe as a whole has not developed much in the way of boxing talent. The new world's candidates still show the way and probably will for a long time to come.

The Firpo-Dempsey Controversy

FIGHT fans the country over are still arguing pro and con over the burning question, "Should Jack Dempsey have been disqualified in his recent fight with Luis Firpo for receiving outside assistance, and if so, why didn't Referee Gallagher act accordingly?"

Since the publication of ringside photos in the last issue of THE RING, showing Dempsey being knocked through the ropes and Dempsey standing over Firpo ready to deliver a second blow after the Bull of the Pampas had gone down from a swing to the jaw, we have been besieged by RING readers with inquiries asking us for our opinion. Particularly from a horde of Firpo's Spanish admirers who assert in rather harsh terms that Luis was robbed of the heavyweight championship.

Candidly, we say that as an American we are mighty happy to see the title retained through an official verdict but, disregarding our personal feeling in this international topic, we rise to remark to RING readers that in our opinion Firpo should today be wearing the crown which was retained by Dempsey when he knocked out Firpo in the second round of their fight at the Polo Grounds. Such was our honest opinion on the night of the battle and such is our opinion today.

And why? our readers ask. Our answer follows:

* * * * *

Should Have Been Disqualified

SITTING on the elevated press stand in the second row at the ringside we saw, as did thousands of other spectators that night, Dempsey floor Firpo in the first round and then, instead of retiring to a neutral corner, as the rules require, remain almost at Firpo's side and strike him a second blow just as Luis was about to arise. This constituted a foul and should have automatically caused the disqualification of Dempsey, yet did not even bring a word of censure from the inexperienced referee who was asked to officiate at one of the greatest and most widely advertised international bouts in the history of the sport.

That, a point upon which we shall dwell upon a little later, was one reason why the title, in our opinion, should have changed hands; the other is the fact that Jack Dempsey was aided by three newspapermen to get back into the ring after he was sent flying through the ropes by one of Luis's pile driving blows and had not this aid been given the champion, he never would have returned to the ring within a minute.

* * * * *

"Novel" Method of Selecting Referee

DESPITE the fact we were an ardent rooter for Dempsey, despite the fact we felt Firpo didn't have a ghost of a chance against the American Giant Killer, and still feel confident that Dempsey will dispose of Firpo within four rounds no matter when they clash again, yet we take Firpo's side in our argument because we feel something more than mere sportsmanship is at stake in the greatest controversy that has been waged in the field of sports in the last twenty years. We refer to the crude methods adopted by The New York State Boxing Commission in selecting the third man in the ring for so important a contest as the heavyweight championship bout.

Were proper precautions taken by the Commission, consisting of as fine a body of men as may be called upon to rule the sport of boxing, there would be no need for such controversy as is continuing more than a month after the famous battle has been fought. Chairman Muldoon, head of the New York Board, one of the greatest judges of boxing bouts in America, voiced an opinion the day after the fight that Dempsey should have been disqualified and Firpo declared champion.

The official decision that Dempsey knocked out Firpo in the Second Round, is the only decision that counts, yet there are those among the 90,000 spectators who never will be convinced that Firpo didn't whip Dempsey.

* * * * *

Fouled by Dempsey

THE rules specifically state that when a boxer is knocked down his opponent must immediately retire to a neutral corner until such time as his opponent arises. The rule follows:

"When a contestant is down, his opponent shall retire to the farthest corner and remain there until the count is completed. Should he fail to do so, the referee and timekeeper may cease counting until he has so retired."

This rule was deliberately violated by Dempsey in the first round, yet so crude was the referee that he forgot his duties other than to count. This he did while Dempsey stood over his victim and felled him a second time before he even was off the canvas. Had Referee Gallagher been a man of iron nerve and a man of keen judgment, he would have kept his head, stopped the count and sent Dempsey to his corner, thereby protecting Firpo as called for by the rules.

In this case it is well worth calling attention to the Boxing Commission the fact that the present rules of the Board give the referee too much leeway. There is no reason for using the word "May," when the officials should use the word "MUST" in referring to action that should be taken by a referee in ordering a boxer to a neutral corner when he fells an opponent.

* * * * *

An Ambiguous Rule

THE rule of the State Athletic Commission on the second point above referred to, that on knocking a man through the ropes, follows:

"If a contestant who has been knocked or had fallen out of the ring during a contest, fails to return immediately, the referee may count him out as if he were down."

This rule is somewhat ambiguous, in that it gives the referee some discretion through the use of the word "immediately." A few officials, especially the incompetent ones, and there are many on the roster of the New York Commission as there are in other States, hold the opinion that the fallen boxer, under this rule, must first be given a chance to get back into the ring before the count is to begin. Competent referees, on the other hand, insist that the count begin just as soon as the boxer goes through the ropes, just the same as if he were floored and hit the canvas.

Dempsey was back in the ring at the count of five, but had he not been aided, he never would have been able to continue before the count of ten were made. Furthermore, had Referee Gallagher not been so excited and thought more of the count than to what was going on outside the ring he would have then and there awarded the decision to Firpo because of outside help given to the champion.

This portion of the pictures was purposely cut out of the film through official orders, an act on the part of Jack Kearns, which, in itself, was an imposition on the intelligence of the thousands who were present and saw the champion pushed back into the roped square.

While it is true that the reporters in self-defense threw up their hands to stop Jack from tumbling upon them, Dempsey, in his interview with Bob Edgren in the New York *Evening World* of September 30, declares that when he fell out of the ring he asked the reporters who stopped his fall to push him back, and it was only after this was done that he, Dempsey, was able to grasp one of the ropes and drag himself back into the ring.

Whatever the result of these arguments which will have no bearing on the official decision in this great fight, we feel that at least they will show the need for a revision of the New York State rules which allow too much leeway to the referee and will show the need for abolishing once and for all time the "novel" system of picking a referee for so important a battle through the placing of names in a hat.

* * * * *

An Answer to Agitators

THE usual attacks which are launched against boxing preceding and following each big championship fight were not missing in the recent Dempsey-Firpo contest. As was pointed out in our last issue, the Methodist Blue Law and Temperance Society, at its recent session in Washington voted unanimously in favor of asking all State legislatures where boxing is legalized, to legislate against the sport at the next session.

Immediately following the Firpo-Dempsey fight, these agita-

(*Continued on page* 13)

Managers All Hard-Hearted? Not So, Says "Dumb Dan" Morgan

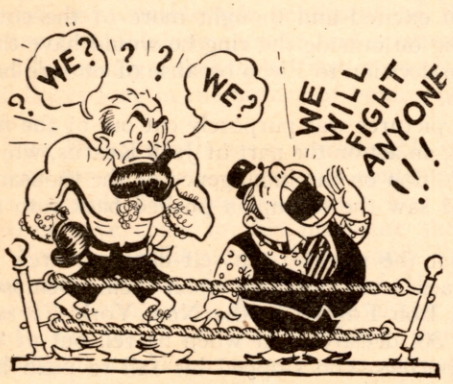
By VERNON VAN NESS

THEY say managers of boxers are hard-hearted. One of the pet jibes is that managers nearly always express themselves something like this: "WE will fight anyone." "WE are not afraid of any fight."

And then, it is pointed out by some of those who have watched such things and say they know all about them, that when it comes to collecting the purses the managers put it this wise:

"I get so much and YOU get so much. YOU didn't draw very much money at the gate. YOU didn't fight much of a fight. I had a lot of expenses." Or, again, when they have had a falling out: "I made YOU. I got YOU a lot of fights and I made YOU a lot of money. YOU owe ME everything YOU have," etc., etc.

Well, just because we happen to know quite a lot of managers who aren't that way with their boys and because there have been many, many nice things said about boxers and mighty few nice things said about boxers' managers, we are prompted



We will fight anyone. We are not afraid of any fight.

to put in a few good words for the pilots. Not all of them, but for some we know and probably in so doing for a majority of the managers. These days managers are business men and most of them are hustlers.

Not so long ago there appeared in THE RING in the Series: "They Almost Made It, by Vernon Van Ness," an account of K. O. Brown, who just missed being the lightweight champion of the world.

In closing, Knockout was quoted as saying, when finally he retired, that if he had his ring career to live over again he would do as the boxers nowadays do, fight less and get larger purses. This remark was prompted because the story pointed out how K. O. had "burned himself out" in his efforts to acquire a quick fortune.

When Dan Morgan, K. O.'s old manager, read that, he wrote in to add a few words to the story:

"Knockout probably felt that way when he made the remark, but in his heart K. O. knows that he would have fought at the drop of the hat any time, anywhere. It was his nature. A natural fighter. He loved it.

"After he had retired from the ring and I had ceased to be his manager, Knockout went to live over at Kearny, N. J., where he had invested, and still has invested for that matter, a considerable part of his money. He thought he would live easy the rest of his life. But the old bug got into him.

"He made a match with Philly Lewis at the Old National Sporting Club in West Forty-fourth street, New York City, without my knowing anything about it, though, of course, it wasn't any of my business, since I had given up his management.

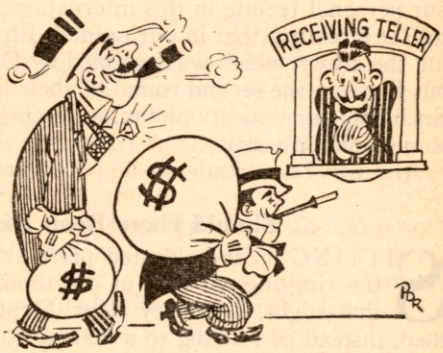
"But I heard about it and I knew that K. O. was not fit to fight again. I looked all over for him and was not able to find him until the night of the fight, until just before ring time, to be exact. I looked at the little fellow and it made my heart ache to think that he would go in and take another beating for practically nothing. I tried to dissuade him, but he wouldn't listen to me.

"However, I prevailed upon him to allow me to be his second. All through the bout I watched for a chance to make him quit, for he was being badly beaten. He begged me to let him continue and I didn't have the heart to toss up the sponge for several rounds.

"But in the sixth, K. O. took some severe punishment, and when the seventh started I walked back about the second row of the ringside seats with a towel in my hands.

"As they clinched after a second of fighting, I tossed the towel into the ring and ducked into a seat. The referee, of course, stopped the fight. K. O. was sore, though weary, and looked to his corner for me for advice. I wasn't there. He raged, but was led back to his corner. Then I came up behind him and helped get him to his dressing room. I told him I threw in the towel.

"He was sore at me for a while, but like the great little fellow he was, he finally stuck out his hand and said: 'Dan, I guess you were right. You were always my friend. Thanks.'



These days managers are business men, and most of them are hustlers.

"After you have associated with a boxer for six or seven years and have been successful through his efforts as well as your own, you owe it to the boy to watch out for him.

"Some boxers keep on fighting when they have no right to. A decent manager feels a certain responsibility. I know I always do. Poor K. O., every time he was hit, I felt it myself. He was a great little fighter. I wish him all kinds of luck. He deserves it."

That's how a real manager acts with his boys.

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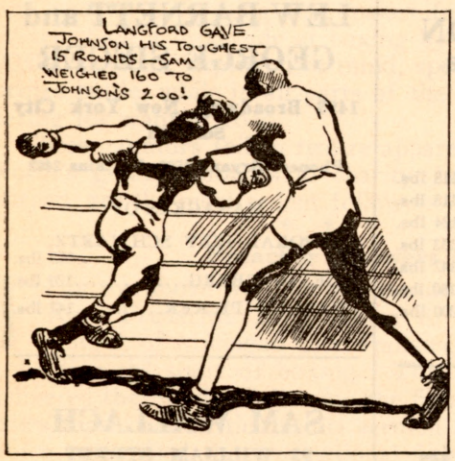
Shadows of the Past—Sam Langford

No. XXI

By FRANK E. COULTRY

JUST because Old Mother Nature happened to dip Sam Langford into a barrel of tar instead of into a pot of whitewash he was barred from becoming a champion. The "Boston Tar Baby" was endowed with everything but the right color. Any one who ever saw him when he was in his prime can never forget that animated ebony statue. Just to get an idea that is necessary to do this is to mention the fact that he was only 5 feet 6½ inches tall yet scaled 200 pounds when he was in first class trim. Jack Britton, former welter weight champion, is an inch and a half taller than this.

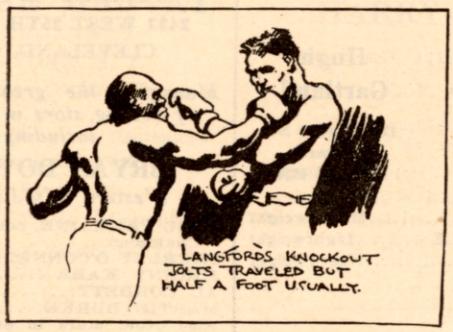
Sam's shoulders were tremendous and he packed a murderous punch. This great negro who must pass down



in the annals as one of the truly great fighters of the twentieth century fought for more than twenty years and now he has nothing for all his gruelling battles in the ring. His case is a lot like that of Bob Armstrong another great negro fighter whom few cared to mingle with in the days of Jeffries, Fitzsimmons and Johnson.

Sam had the fatal gift of being too good and when his name was mentioned the champions conveniently took shelter behind the color line. The old Tar Baby had to take what he could get in the way of purses because Samuel had to eat. Langford had to do a lot of cutting with various interests before he could get a match and in spite of his truly great ability in the ring he never got a purse that would come up to the losing end of a heavyweight of these days that he could probably have stowed away in a round.

There are knockouts enough seen in the record of this brilliant exponent of the manly art-brilliant we say because he was all of that. Not only could Sam hit like a pile driver but he was a polished boxer. He was the acme of grace in the ring, moving around with the stealth and relent-



lessness of a panther. There was no waste motion in his action. He seemed to have a hypnotic effect on his victims, as he shifted about with feline movements.

I can never forget seeing him in the ring against Jack O'Brien at the old St. Nicholas Rink a dozen years ago in New York. Any old timer can remember what a stepper Jack was in his day, especially if he recalls the bout where O'Brien stabbed Steve Ketchell until he was sliced as with a rapier until he was finally cornered and knocked out in the last ten seconds of a ten-round bout.

It didn't take Langford that long to catch Jack. Sam just moved along relentlessly and never was a more superb display of footwork seen than that displayed by O'Brien. In the fifth round the Negro finally caught him and something happened then that I never experienced before in the hundreds of bouts I had seen. Sam feinted with his left and as Jack ducked the Negro hooked a dynamic right under Jack's heart.

O'Brien let out a yell like a Comanche Indian. It was the death cry. Jack had felt the full sting of the Black Plague and a moment later he was stretched out. How it was O'Brien's ribs weren't staved in is only explained by the fact that he was running away as fast as he could at the time.

What power he had in his punches may be noted from an incident in one of his many fights with Sam McVey. He hit McVey so hard on the bridge of the nose that he fractured both cheek bones.

Langford had to be rather frugal with his punches. He had as it were to make "two blades of grass grow where one grew before." He had to keep his meal tickets and this may account for the 52 draws and defeats in his career. He permitted no less than 23 different men either beat him or get a draw and then come back in a return match and knock them out.

At the beginning I stated that Langford never had a chance at a championship against a white man. This is not quite correct, however. On April 27, 1910, he met Stanley Ketchell, then middleweight champion, in the Athletics ball park in Philadelphia in a six-round no decision bout. Whether Sam's hands were tied or whether he was dreaming of "holding up" Steve for a return bout in California where an enormous gate would have been attracted, is questionable. Good as

Ketchell was he never could have beaten Langford if the black thunderbolt had wanted to turn on the full fireworks.

If Sam deliberately "saved up" Ketchell it was a case of the "best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," as Bobby Burns said, for it was only a few months later that Steve was shot to death.

Langford started his career as a lightweight in 1902 when he was only sixteen, if the record books can be relied on for the date of his birth. The following year he won decisions from Kid Griffo and Joe Gans. Some of the

(*Continued on page 22*)

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AS WE SEE IT—EDITORIAL

(*Continued from page 9*)

tors against everything that makes for a physically developed citizen, took a broadside at boxing by pointing to the fact that 90,000 persons, depraved in mind, spent $2,000,000 to see two brutes battle, while in all parts of the world people are in suffering for want of food.

These agitators fail to realize apparently that included in the world's greatest donors to charity, be it charity at home or abroad, are the most ardent followers of the fistic sport.

* * * * *

Preacher Answers Critics

IN re the above we take this means of publicly thanking the Rev. Frederick E. Hopkins of the First Presbyterian Church of Michigan City, Indiana, for his splendid sermon upholding the sport of boxing. This preacher, in his sermon delivered the Sunday following the fight, characterized as hypocrites those who criticized his sermon of a week previously in which he praised the international fight. He declared that he had received hundreds of letters assailing him for extolling the fight and the elements in character which the fight exemplified.

"I have been listening all week to quite a storm of cant and hypocrisy," he said. "As to the prize fight, it is only using common sense to realize that newspapers would not sell millions of copies describing the fight if only the vulgar, degraded and low-minded are interested in a prize fight.

"One reason why the pulpit is not reaching more men is because it does not talk about things in which men are interested. The first things the average man turns to in his newspaper is the sports page."

* * * * *

Opinion Varies

THUS we see how opinion varies. One branch of the church informs us that boxing must go because of its evil influence upon the youth of the land. The other, the more broad-minded preachers, those who look forward, not backward, tell us that boxing is a sport worthy enough to be discussed in the pulpit. One class tells us that boxing is fit only for the vulgar. The other, the more broad-minded class of preachers, inform us that nine-tenths of our greatest men turn to the sports pages to read about things pugilistic and other sports, these readers including devout church-goers.

Of the two classes were we therefore asked to choose, our choice would be with the liberal class. We honestly believe that blue law agitation is harmful to the nation and is harmful to the youth who takes pride in physical prowess, and if successful in their work, will aid in the development of a nation of mollycoddles. Boxing, as now conducted throughout the country, is a fine sport and should be encouraged.

* * * * *

How They Judge Dempsey

TWO great judges of fighters, Jack Johnson and Billy Nolan, former manager of Battling Nelson, declare that the recent Firpo-Dempsey fight settled for all time in their opinion the question of superiority between Dempsey and the old timers. Both Nolan and the former world's heavyweight champion say that in their opinion Dempsey does not class with Bob Fitzsimmons in his prime, nor, for that matter, with several other of the old-time champions. The opinion of these experts, for historic purposes, is worth while publishing, because each is a keen student of the sport, and has seen the world's greatest heavyweights in action.

Billy Nolan, on his return to the Coast, declared that he went East to see Dempsey fight, and after viewing the contest, the first he ever had seen in which Dempsey was in action, he felt convinced that Bob Fitzsimmons in his prime would have made hash out of Jack Dempsey. "He does not class with Fitzsimmons, nor with any other former heavyweights I knew," says Nolan.

* * * * *

Dempsey Lacks Cleverness, Says Johnson

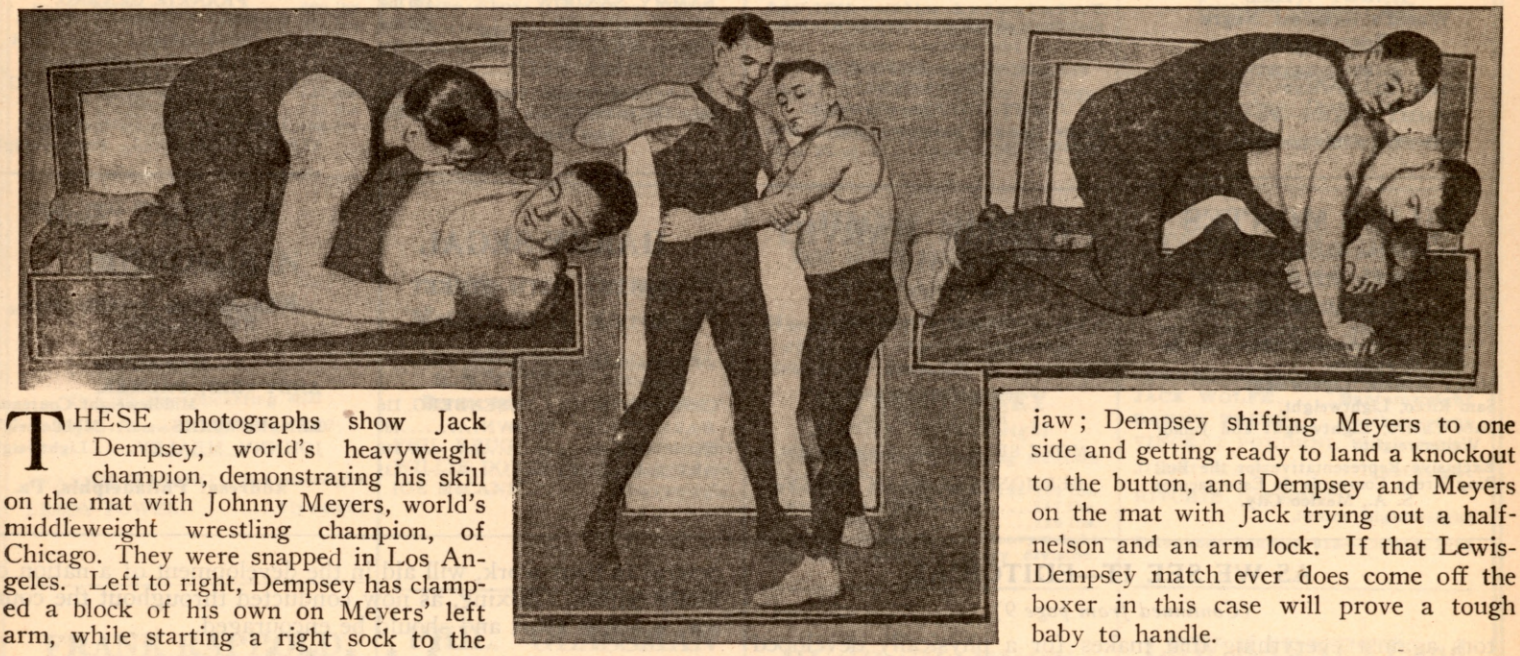
JACK JOHNSON voices the same opinion as Nolan by declaring that neither Firpo nor Dempsey is a great fighter. "No man," says Jack, "is a great fighter who just trades punches."

"Dempsey is just lucky enough that there is no man at present who is clever enough and strong enough to stand away from Dempsey and poke him as he comes in. I know that Al Kaufman could have whipped Firpo just as did Dempsey, and I know of several heavyweight champions who in their prime could have whipped Dempsey.

"Dempsey doesn't know how to make a scientific fight. All he knows is to go after his man and try to finish him in a hurry. Hence my reason for saying that if ever Dempsey meets a fellow who is strong enough and clever enough to poke him when he comes rushing in, it will be good night, Mr. Dempsey.

"If ever Dempsey had met Bob Fitzsimmons at his best, and attempted to fight him as he did Firpo, it would have been curtains for Jack in round No. One. Fitz would have just measured Dempsey as he came rushing in, and poor Jack would have heard the cuckoos calling him after the first punch."

World's Heavyweight Champion Is Jack-of-All-Trades, Including Rasslin'



THESE photographs show Jack Dempsey, world's heavyweight champion, demonstrating his skill on the mat with Johnny Meyers, world's middleweight wrestling champion, of Chicago. They were snapped in Los Angeles. Left to right, Dempsey has clamped a block of his own on Meyers' left arm, while starting a right sock to the jaw; Dempsey shifting Meyers to one side and getting ready to land a knockout to the button, and Dempsey and Meyers on the mat with Jack trying out a half-nelson and an arm lock. If that Lewis-Dempsey match ever does come off the boxer in this case will prove a tough baby to handle.

Boxing vs. Wrestling—Which Is Superior?

By HENRY A. CLAUSEN

THE recent talk of a mixed match between the two leading exponents of their respective arts, Jack Dempsey and Ed. "Strangler" Lewis, has brought up the old question, "Which is the superior?" Both sides of the question have their merits and their enthusiastic supporters. As an ardent follower of the game I was extremely interested in the recent articles in THE RING by A. D. Phillips and Frank O'Neil.

Talk of this kind naturally calls forth reminders of mixed matches in the past. It was recently asserted by Mr. Phillips in THE RING that the boxer has won in every recorded instance where there was an encounter between wrestler and boxer. Records contradict this statement. Where there have been matches, the wrestler invariably, has had the advantage. The two biggest mixed bouts on record were those in which "Farmer" Burns threw Billy Papke so quickly that Billy never got a chance to start, and Ernest Roeber, the old-timer, set Bob Fitzsimmons down almost before they got warmed up.

Boxing adherents have tried to point out the case of Frank Gotch as an example of what happens to a grappler when he tries his hand at any other than his own game. The fact that Gotch did not prove successful at boxing does not prove anything. The question under discussion is the relative merits of boxing and wrestling as a means of defense in a mixed match, and the fact that Gotch did not become a good boxer has no bearing on the matter.

Talk of a wrestler and a boxer meeting on equal terms is more or less absurd. Who is there to decide whether a certain grappler is as good at his game as a boxer is at his? Yet this fact ever makes it hard for such a match to be staged, for naturally, "fair play" is the major consideration.

However, to get down to fundamentals; what chance has a grappler against a boxer in a mixed match. A great deal is dependent upon the rules governing such a contest.

Are the opponents to stick entirely to their respective modes of combat? Will the boxer be allowed to hit when the wrestler gets him to the mat? Will he only be allowed to hit him or will he be allowed to mix it? Must he wear gloves? These are questions that it would seem necessary to determine prior to the match, and upon which the results would hinge.

It has been stated that Jack Dempsey would need only to get in one punch and it would be all over. But would it? Dempsey in various encounters in the ring against his foremost opponents has never proven to be a one punch man. He didn't get Carpentier with one punch, nor did he get Brennan, or Miske or Willard. And remember that Lewis is as much bigger than Dempsey, as Dempsey was bigger than Carpentier, and yet it took Jack four rounds to batter down Carp.

Any wrestler can make a farce of a mixed match by dropping to his hands and knees at the outset of the contest. In this he would be justified as it is a mixed contest. He would merely have to wait for the boxer to get near enough to get hold of him. Once a boxer gets off his feet he is done for, simply because he has not been trained to get in punches when off his feet, and he could not get the force and snap behind his blows when down.

The wrestler has the advantage in that he is as good standing upright as on his hands and knees. It means nothing to him whether he stands up or gets on the mat. But it does to the boxer, and he knows it. And to get in a telling punch

(*Continued on page* 38)

Every Boxer Should Protect Himself from the Very Start

By JACK SKELLY

JACK DEMPSEY has taught most of his victims rather a severe and impressive lesson in the manly art.

The annihilating champion is no fancy boxer who begins fistic action by "feeling an opponent out," for a round or two before starting the real fireworks.

From the ring of the first gong Jack is probably the most aggressive and hostile heavyweight in the history of fistiana.

I recall how slow and careless Jess Willard started out against Dempsey at Toledo, expecting, I suppose, to get a line on Jack in a round or so of easy or experimental boxing, as it were.

But that was not Dempsey's style or tactics, for he immediately set sail for his gigantic opponent and by a few terrific blows had Willard beaten before he even started.

Possibly Jess never expected such a fierce onslaught so quickly and was not fully prepared for such a sudden attack, but he should have known before hand what a fast, rip-tearing a fighter Jack was and is today.

Fred Fulton made the same mistake when Dempsey knocked him out in 17 seconds at Harrison, N. J. So have quite a number of other opponents who have gone down and out before Jack's flashy, exterminating wallops.

McGovern a Quick Finisher

Terry McGovern in many ways was one of those quick finishers like Dempsey. Don't you remember how he put Pedlar Palmer, the English champion, away in one punch before Palmer hardly realized he was combating?

Terry, like Dempsey, didn't stand on any ceremony, but began a terrific bombardment the instant he faced his antagonist.

I can't say that these very aggressive slam bang fighters are the highest type of boxers, but as long as their steam and K. O. punches last, they are indeed very dangerous opponents even for the very cleverest men to evade.

Carpentier by his superior skill and generalship was able to sidestep or parry Dempsey's wicked punches for a short time, but he soon found that Dempsey's speed, aggressiveness and blows were more than he could stand.

Jim Kenrick, who was quite a clever English boxer a few years ago, expresses himself on what he terms "the silly walk around stunt" thus:

"No wonder our boys were caught on the hop by every American rival they faced. Those fellows never did believe in wasting time. I learned that lesson when I fought in Newcastle. Northern towns at that time approached nearer the American system than ever they approached it in the South here. I met a Tynesider named Kid Veitch who was a good boy at 7st. 10lb., the weight I made in those days."

"It was my first 20-rounder; naturally I was anxious to make good. After the usual introduction, the referee called us to the center, and after giving us our instructions, told us to shake hands and retire to our corners for the bell. Directly that instrument rang, I walked leisurely towards the Kid and held my hands out to shake once more. Veitch whizzed a right over for my chin, which, more by luck than judgment, I managed to evade. At the beginning of the second round I again started to walk round, but my opponent tore right at me, and we battled merrily away. It was then I began to realize that I had better wake up, and cut out that walk-round stunt of mine.

"I did, to such good purpose, carrying the fight to my rival afterwards, that I succeeded in introducing him to a K. O. wallop in the 14th round. I don't believe that I ever was guilty afterwards of that silly walk-round stunt."

"A man who seizes the opportunities presented to him by his rival's carelessness in walking around at the beginning of a round is not committing a foul, but is simply grabbing the chance to fetch home the bacon."

For some moons past I've been cautioning the young boxers about the lack of defense.

We have in the ring at present a vast host of game and willing fighters who have adopted Jack Dempsey's tearing in style of milling regardless of proper protection.

It has always been the habit of youngsters to try and copy the style of some shining champion, without taken into consideration that they lack the punch, speed and other important qualifications which the big champ may possess.

When Jim Corbett was champion most of the youngsters tried to adopt his clever foot and fist work, and many of them like Packey McFarland, Jack Britton, Mike Gibbons (who were only young novices at the time) became very skillful indeed following the fine example of cleverness introduced by the masterly Corbett.

But it is absolute foolishness for any boxer, young or old, to try and imitate Jack Dempsey if he hasn't the wonderful physique and other natural fighting gifts of the annihilating champion.

A chap without musical talent or a great voice might just as well try to become a Caruso.

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The Sons of Their Fathers

By ADRIAN LISTINA

PRIZEFIGHTERS, pugilists or boxers, call them what you will, are born, not made. More than one proud father has tried to hammer his son into fighting shape, solely on the strength of a great fighting name, but all to no purpose. In some instances, the sons of famous fathers have achieved notable literary, artistic or military successes, but, pugilistically—a man is not his father but himself.

Even when the fighting game was in its infancy, in America, the old time bare knuckle bruisers of those days tried manfully, but vainly, to verify the adage: "Like father, like son," and from long ago till now, some misfit son of a famous father has sought to win gold and glory in the roped arena.

Joe Greggains, the son of the great California pugilist, Alec Greggains, was slated for a fistic career by his father, but blew up after making several false starts.

Years ago Jake Kilrain showed me a picture of his son in fighting costume and attitude. "He's beyond me now," said good old Jake, "but I try to make a friend of him and give him good advice." And the fistic attitude and costume were all that was pugilistic about Jake's son, who never entered the ring.

John L. Sullivan, though twice married, had no sons, and the "Young Sullivans, Young Mitchells, Young Corbetts," etc., of these and other days bear no relation to these famous stars of the ring. They are strutting in borrowed plumage.

Charley Mitchell's own son, Charley Mitchell, Jr., a man who, like his father, had a most pleasing personality, did not follow in his father's footsteps, though, to be sure, there were those who liked to think, myself among the rest, that Mitchell's mantle would fall upon the shoulders of his son. Young Charley was born in Buffalo in 1887 or 1888, while his father was entour in this country, and was more than half American.

It is said that as a tiny youngster little Charley fell through a skylight, landing in a baby carriage unhurt, three stories below.

As a small boy he was exceedingly anxious to become a fighter, and one early picture of the lad shows him, with gloved hands, in fighting pose.

"Come here, boy," said his grandfather, "Poney Moore," to the six-year-old youngster, "come here and show us how your father does." "This is the way my papa does," said the little boy, as he sprang forward in true fistic style.

The old man went prancing proudly around the room, and the boy, seeing an opening, shot his little fist into his grandfather's stomach, whereupon "Poney" pretended to be in distress, saying: "My, but here's the boy who will be champion some day."

When Mitchell was beaten by Corbett, his little son was found crying bitterly in the corridor of the Gedney House, so bitterly, in fact, that not even the clerk's assurance that his father was a better man than Corbett, could comfort him. When Corbett and Mitchell met by chance after their fight, little Charley was busily engaged in snow-balling Australian Jem Hall, and finally the latter said:

"Come in, Charley, and shake hands with Mr. Corbett." Instantly the little boy was in a rage, saying: "No, sir, he licked my governor, and I wont shake hands with him." Nor did he. Not all Hall's endeavors could induce him to grasp Corbett's hand.

Time passed and all thought of fistic fame faded from little Charley's mind. He grew to manhood, and when twenty-one years of age revisited this country where he had first seen the light, on a sort of coming out tour with his father

Later he married, and volunteering for service under the English flag, was killed in France during the first few weeks of the great war, thus silencing those who were inclined to sneer at his innate refinement and gentility, and who called him "A full-blown piccadilly, lah-de-dah and a canary, because, according to them, he said 'Fawthah' and 'Muhmah,' smoked perfumed and gold monogramed cigarettes and insisted on having four o'clock tea, which the English called 'Tiffin,' every day."

Perhaps, when all is said and done, the one outstanding example of the pugilistically successful son of a famous fighter is young Bob Fitzsimmons, who, having been before the public for several years, has won many creditable ring victories, though not by the furthest stretch of imagination can one say in his case: "Like father, like son."

WAY OF THE OLD-FASHIONED

(*Continued from page* 4)

been taking them all for so long that no one could remember seeing him win his first go. Kayo Boru was the name Phillips had hung on this boy, figuring on catering to the Irish trade.

Naturally enough, as part of his system of getting first-hand information, Tom Edwars had looked the California boy over in his four fights in the East. After seeing them he was convinced that the youngster was still too green to have a chance with such a great old fighting strategist as Maury Loans. Accordingly, he placed his money where it did the most talking. He was one who did not believe that silence was golden. In fact, he held that the old yellow stuff could shout louder than anything else in the world.

Three days before the battle was to come off, Tom dropped over to Medson's gym to see Kayo Boru in his last public work-out. "Lazy" Phillips hailed him with the joy of long friendship.

"Come on in and meet this kid, Tom," he urged. "Maybe you knew his grandfather back in Chicago."

"Maybe I did," admitted Tom. "Who was he?"

"'Red' Moore that kept that saloon down near the Loop. You remember him, don't you?"

"And he was this kid's grandfather," pressed Old Tom incredulously.

"Sure!" asserted Phillips. "I knew you liked his old grandfather, so I thought maybe you'd like to meet the kid."

"Gold-Cable Tom" grew suddenly serious. "You're telling me the truth, aren't you? he demanded.

"Why not?" demanded Phillips, indignantly.

"Well"—Tom drew a long breath. "I'll tell you something that might interest you, and I'm the only one knows it outside of Maury Loans and his manager. Tip your kid off. The old fellow's losing his sight. He can't touch them when they're away from him. He's figuring on bulling this kid of yours into letting him in close and getting away with it in the infighting.

(*Continued on page* 17)

Old Fighters Like Old Fire Horses—Still Respond to Alarm

LIKE the old fire horse in the days before the automobile engines, who would prick up his ears at the sound of an alarm and try to dash along with his successors to the scene of the conflagration, so is the old-time fighter. Few there have been of the knights of the padded mitt who have not thought that there was "just one more shot left in the locker."

Bob Fitzsimmons was the best example of this. When he was long past the time when the ordinary fighter has gone to seed Bob was sure he could still fight. But Fitz was no ordinary fighter, and he was better than most youngsters long after his fortieth year. The last time he was in 'Frisco, Jess Willard was the world's champion. Bob begged some of his old friends to try and arrange a match with him, saying he felt sure he could drop the big fellow. Two months later Fitz was in his grave.

Rufe Turner was one of the hardest hitting lightweights of the past generation. It isn't so long ago that he begged to be put on in his home town at Stockton, although he was close to 50. Of course, he was refused.

Some years ago an old timers' show was held in San Francisco, and Jimmy Anthony, one of the cleverest boxers of his day, was invited. When he asked who his opponent was to be and told he was another old fellow, he let out an awful yelp:

"Bring on some of your so-called champions; I'll show 'em I still can fight."

When Harry Forbes Dropped His Guard

By DUKE BARRY

DURING the early 90's, the bantamweight crown rested on the brow of Harry Forbes of Chicago, Ill., a mighty fine little battler, who met all comers until 1903. On August 13 of that year Frankie Neil knocked out Forbes for the title.

Even with the loss of the diadem, Forbes continued to be a strong attraction and was always in demand. The following year Forbes was matched to meet Joe Cherry of Saginaw, Mich., in the latter's home town. The bout took place on November 25, 1904.

Cherry was a good little man also, but never reached the pinnacle of his division. But Joe proved himself to be a smart ringster in that particular contest. And hereby hangs the tale.

Forbes always entered the ring with his hair particularly combed, just as Benny Leonard does, but on this occasion, Harry's locks were rather in disorder, something unusual for the former champion. As the bell clanged to send the little fellows on their fistic journey, both came out ready for action. When the two met in the center of the ring, however, Forbes and the audience were astounded to see Cherry deliberately drop his fighting pose and pointing with one of his gloved hands at the touseled locks of the Chicagoan, remark:

"That's no way for you to come in the ring with me, with your hair in that condition and I don't intend to box you until you fix it."

Forbes for at least once during his ring career, was too dumfounded to do anything and, with Cherry still pointing at his head, Forbes raised his hands and started to smooth down his hair into some semblance of order.

No sooner did Harry raise his hands to adjust the unruly locks than Cherry lashed out with both hands and battered Forbes about the ring, finally dropping him with a wicked punch to the jaw. Taking the full count of nine, Forbes came up and fell into a clinch until the bell saved him.

Fighting with the instinct of a champion, still dazed from the unexpected walloping, it took five full rounds before the Chicago boy's head cleared and from then on he fought an uphill fight, till the 13th frame when he sent Joe for the long count. It was a close call for the little ex-champ, one, no doubt, he still remembers.

WAY OF THE OLD-FASHIONED

(*Continued from page* 16)

"If your boy can stay away and box him, he's an easy winner. Tell him that from me. No one told me, but you know that when I say so it's straight."

"Thanks," said Phillips simply. "I'll make him keep away. But come on in and meet him."

"After the fight," Tom Edwars agreed. "Not now. You see, I've got three and a half grand down on Loans and I've got to hustle around now and try to hedge. I won't be able to get it all back, but I ought to save something from the wreck.

"Whatever it costs, it'll be worth it. I'll be even with 'Red' Moore." And Tom Edwars, "Gold-Cable Tom," the old-fashioned, the gambler, bustled away to tend to the duties of his profession.

Campfire Songs from Shelby

In the wide open spaces where men are men
The slogan today is—"Never again!"

In the wide open spaces loud rings the fuss —
"Germany's lucky compared with us."

In the wide open spaces they like a scrap,
But not at the current or fiscal tap.
In the wide open spaces they cry bereft:
"Yes, we have only bananas left."

GRANTLAND RICE,
In New York Tribune.

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Big Gates of the Ring and the Diamond

By FREDERICK G. LIEB
President, Baseball Writers' Association

DO the fans pay more for their baseball or their boxing? Unquestionably more coin of the realm sifts into the pockets of the baseball magnates than comes to the pugilistic promoters over the course of a year, but then baseball is played daily during the spring, summer and early fall, whereas a boxing club seldom gives more than one show a month. Yet, when it comes to coaxing ducats out of the pockets of the citizenry for real championship contests, the fight promoter makes the baseball magnate look like a mere amateur.

Don't you believe that? Well, Rickard pulled down a gate of $1,188,822.80 for his recent contest between Jack Dempsey and Argentina's famous wild bull. If it hadn't been that New York State prevents promoters from charging more than $27.50 a head with war tax, this fight might easily have hit $2,000,000. Mr. Rickard's gate at the Dempsey-Carpentier encounter was $1,600,000. The Firpo fight lasted a little over four minutes and the Carpentier entertainment failed to last nine minutes.

The 1923 World Series, one of the greatest in the history of the annual Baseball Championship, drew not only a record crowd to the six games, but also a record gate. The series receipts for the first time passed the million dollar mark, the amount collected being $1,063,815 and the paid attendance being 301,431. The biggest previous World Series gate was 900,233 in 1921 and it took eight games to bring that amount through the turnstiles. These eight games were among the most exciting, thrilling world series ball contests ever played.

As a game averages two hours, the gladiators of the diamond had to fight sixteen hours for their $900,233 purse. The biggest gate for one World's Series game prior to 1923 was the fifth game of the short 1922 series, when 38,551 paid $125,147 to see the Yanks go down for the last time.

The 1923 series set a new record for baseball receipts and attendances for a single game as well as a series. That was due, of course, to the new Yankee Stadium, with its 62,000 capacity, and the enlarged Polo Grounds.

We don't mean to signify that the baseball magnates should charge more for the world's series, for we think they charge plenty enough, but we are merely interested in the psychology of it. There have been squawks this year over the fact that the Giants and Yanks charged $5.50 for their choicest grandstand seats. The entire upper grandstand seats sold for $3.30 each and at the Dempsey-Firpo fight the $3.00 seats were so far away that Dempsey and Firpo looked like fly-weights.

Sports writers have observed that there never are any squawks over the prices charged for heavyweight fight tickets. We, of course, except Shelby, Montana. If there is any criticism, it is usually from the man who doesn't go. The man who doesn't go to a fight usually can get up a terrible sweat over other people's money. This writer often has received letters from the public about the outrageous World's Series prices. I remember back in 1916, Brooklyn fandom wanted to have Charley Ebbets, the Flatbush squire, fried in oil because he charged $5.00 for his lower grandstand world's series tickets.

I have questioned numerous boxing writers, and not one of them received any letters about the last big fight protesting the scale of prices. There was a lot of kicking about the seats, justified complaints, for many of the boys who paid $27.50 for a ringside seat had to go to the movies to see the fight. But the complaint of such fans was with his seat, not with the cost of it.

The paid attendance at Rickard's fights at Boyle's Thirty Acres was less than the Polo Grounds, but the Belasco of Fistiana estimates that his Jersey City crowds were larger. The paid attendance of both the Dempsey-Carpentier and Willard-Firpo fights was around 76,000, but the actual attendance was between 90,000 and 100,000. Those Jersey politicians don't believe in paying their way into Mr. Rickard's fistic entertainments, nor do they care to have their friends pay to get in. And, believe me, they have lots of friends. If one didn't glue himself to his press seat at the Willard-Firpo fight, he simply was out of luck. The seat was quickly appropriated, and as the Jersey City gendarmes were there to protect Jerseyites, it was a tough situation for a stranger from Manhattan.

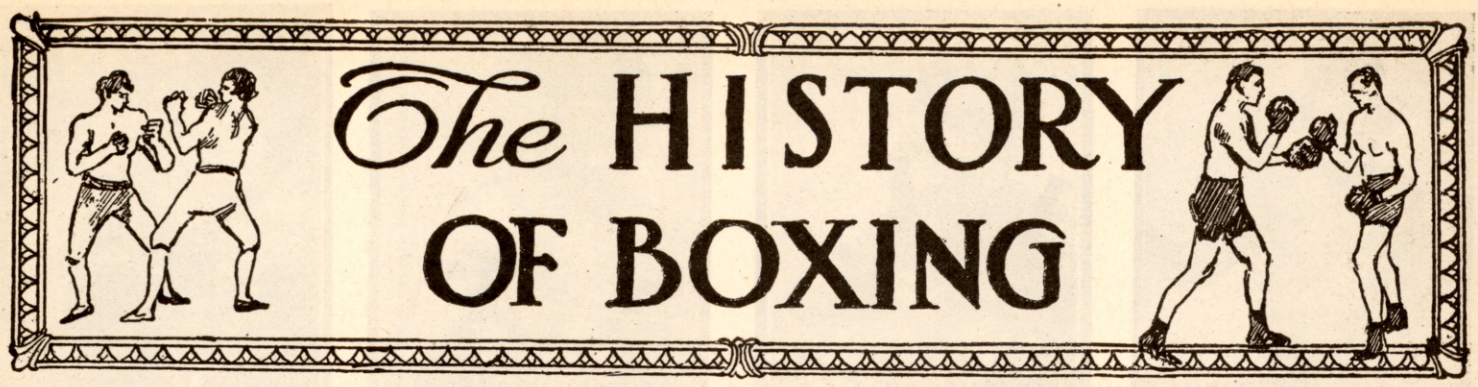
In comparing attendances of championship fights and championship ball games, it also must be taken into consideration that a fight brings together only two men, whereas the world's series brings together fifty. This makes it all the more interesting why a heavyweight championship bout, or less pugilistic exhibition, can draw so much more money than a single world's championship game.

It is true, of course, that Tex Rickard is the magician who makes customers part with their rolls, and still like it. For one thing, Tex gives them such a run for their money that they come back the next time looking for a similar kind of entertainment. Rickard's shows have drawn the six of the seven biggest gates in the history of pugilism, the Dempsey-Carpentier bout of 1921 in Jersey City ($1,600,000); the Dempsey-Firpo fight ($390,837); the Dempsey-Firpo encounter of last summer ($1,188,822.80); the Dempsey-Willard fight in Toledo in 1919 ($452,522); the Milk Fund show at the Yankee Stadium last spring ($365,000); and the Leonard-Tendler fight in Jersey City in the summer of 1922 ($360,00). The second Leonard-Tendler fight at Yankee Stadium, New York, fought last July, was not under Rickard's management. It drew $452,648, $126 more than the heavyweight fight in Toledo which made Jack Dempsey heavyweight champion.

Since Rickard began to promote fights in the East, he also set up attendance records, which are likely to withstand the shafts of time for many years. The Dempsey-Firpo fight at the Polo Grounds on September 14 drew 82,228 cash customers. There were about 5,000 complimentaries, and despite the fact that extraordinary precautions were made to keep out persons without tickets, Rickard admits that at least 5,000 got in without paying or passes. Among those was Tammany Young. Mr. Young reached the ringside by slow stages, but he was there, ready to catch Dempsey had he been knocked into his corner.

It is interesting to note how many people and how much money the different world's series have drawn since 1905. We are obliged to exclude the one of 1923, but it probably will draw over 250,000 persons and a gate of over a million. And then compare the baseball attendance for a series

(*Continued on page* 23)



When Whips Were Used to Beat Back the Ringsiders and the Prize Ring Had a "Commissary General" in the Days of Tom Oliver

By NAT FLEISCHER

CHAPTER XXI

IN the days gone by, when the world was a century younger than at the present writing, there was an official connected with the field of pugilism who has no parallel in the modern ring. He was known as the "Commissary-General of the P. R." His function was to take charge of the stakes and the ropes for all the important battles. That meant more than one might think, for, in those days, there was a lot of trickery indulged in by rival partisans. Time and again the ring was broken down when one side or another saw its favorite in distress.

Tom Oliver belonged to that most ancient of callings—a gardener.

It was necessary to employ men with whips to drive the excited fans back when they pressed about the ring. In those days there were none of the ring side boxes we are favored with today. The majority of the onlookers were obliged to stand up and it was a case of the "devil take care of the hindmost." Often the spectators stood in mud up to their knees and could not help but slip down toward the center of activity.

Tom Oliver, mentioned in the previous chapter, held this position, one considered a great honor among the sporting gentry of his days, the period between 1811 and 1831. The only position anywhere like this that we can recall in modern days was that held by old Tim Jordan, whose presence as announcer at big championship doings was one of the real trimmings that went with the affairs which aroused world wide interest. He acted in this capacity for the last time at Reno in 1910 on the memorable Fourth of July, when he introduced Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson. He was then around the three score and ten mark, and it was not long after this that he passed on to the Great Beyond.

Tom Oliver belonged to that most ancient of callings—a gardener. He was a fine specimen of manhood, and like the Jess Willard of a century later he did not enter the ring until rather late in life.

It is recorded that his first appearance in the ring was due to his seeing by accident the battle between Silverthorne and Dogherty at Coombe Warren, in January, 1811, where he was busily engaged in planting and digging.

"Well, if this is prize fighting," he said, "I'll be jiggered if I don't have a fling at it myself. He determined to make a test of it. He was 22 at the time, not a very early age to take up the game.

He made his first appearance at Tothill Fields, Westminster, for a couple of guineas a side against a stone mason named Kimber from Walham Green, and was seconded by Silverthorne and Byrne. They were at it for an hour and forty minutes before the strength and gameness of "The Battersea Gardener" prevailed.

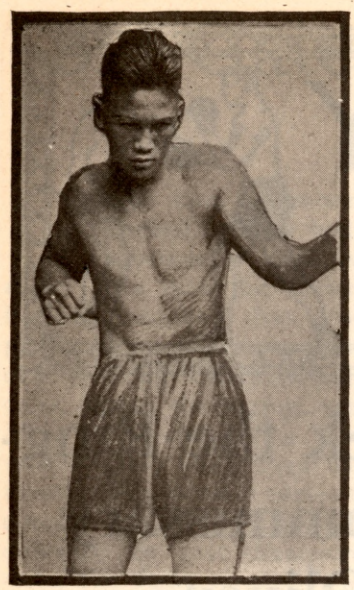
Tothill Fields was the scene of his second encounter with a battler called "Hopping Ned." This time the stakes were four guineas a side. Oliver was not very confident of his abilities and

Tothill Fields was the scene of his second encounter with a battler called "Hopping Ned."

he proposed that the loser receive two guineas. In those days, remember, it was the custom for the winner to take all. So you can see that Tom Oliver was one of the earliest "business men" of the ring who had a weather eye peeled for a loser's end. Ned thought that he could not be beaten by the gardener and insisted on "whole hog or nothing." Fate ordained, however, that "Hopping Ned" had the stuffing walloped out of him and had to call quits at the end of a quarter hour of milling.

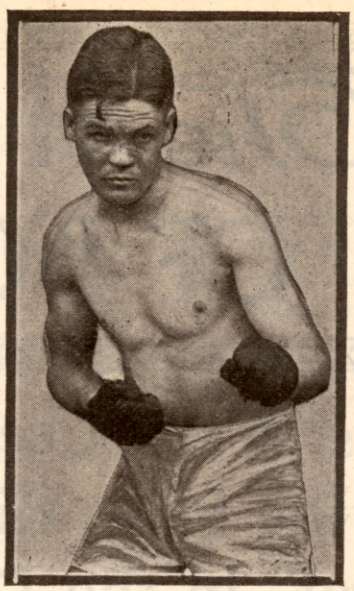
It was not long until Oliver was fighting for the huge sum of twenty "quid," about $100. The gardener

(*Continued on page 22*)

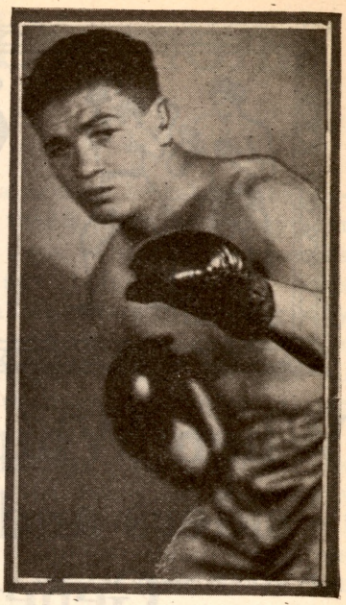


Irineo Flores, brother of Elino, is light and welterweight titleholder of the Orient.

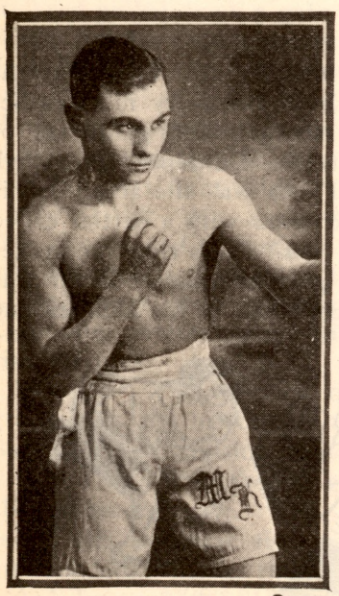
Billy Miller, popular Brooklyn bantam who is rapidly coming to the fore



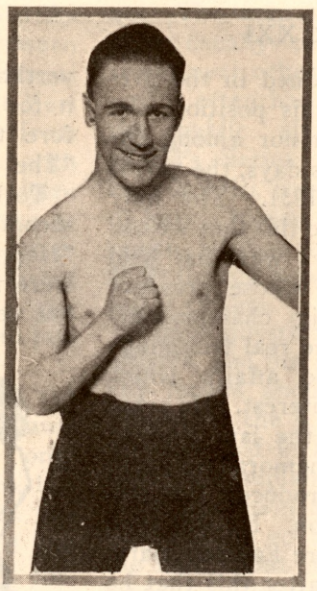
Mutt McKee, the leading bantam of the Southwest, who would like to meet Joe Lynch



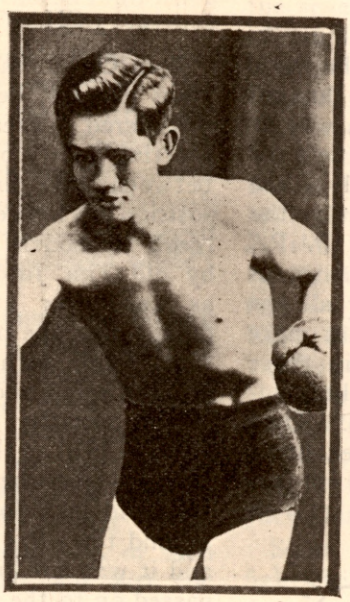
Jack Darcy, who recently fought Harry Kid Brown and Ray Mitchell in Philly



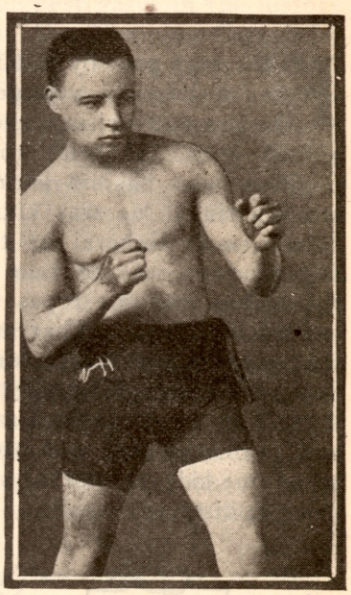
Midget Killman, who is battling with frequent regularity around Atlantic City



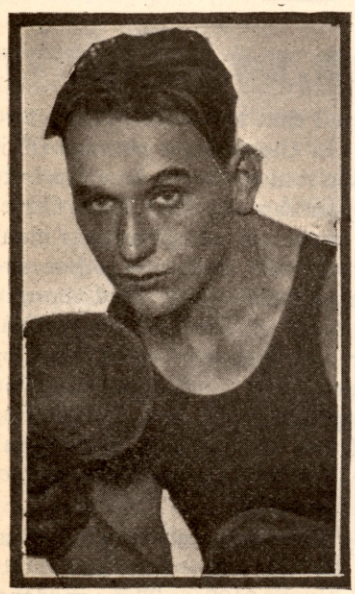
Willie Phieffer, lanky lightweight from Harlem, who is one of the tallest battlers in the game, and, incidentally, a good one



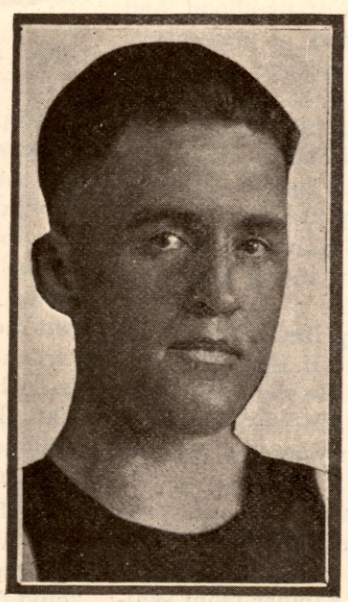
Francesco Flores, brother of Elino Flores, and formerly lightweight champion of the Orient



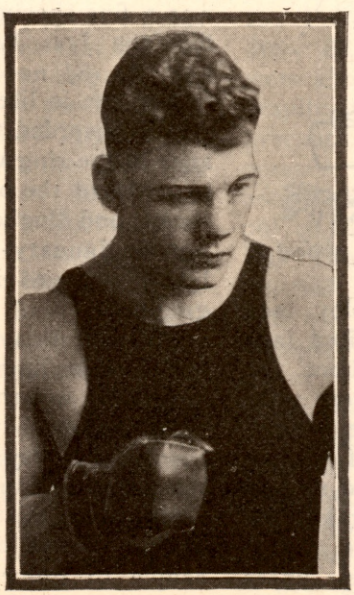
Allen Howard, colored Flyweight Champion of Ohio, who is seeking fistic engagements in New York.



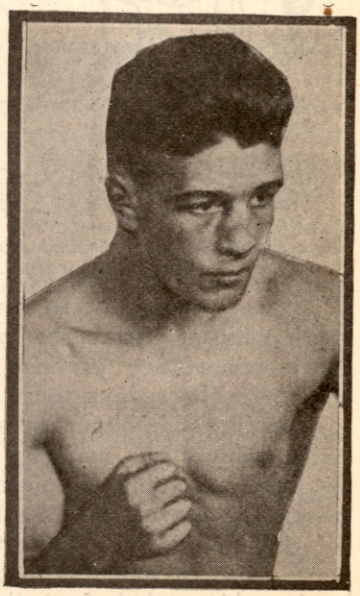
Willie Bradley, Greenwich Village welterweight product, who is raising havoc in his class



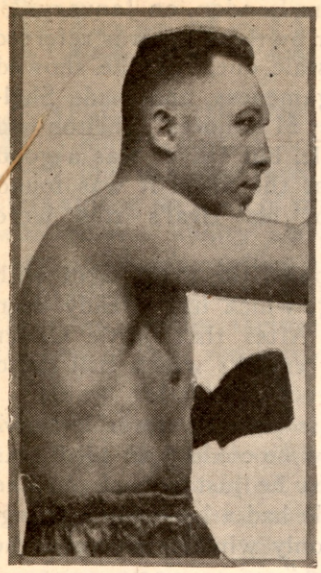
Kid McDonald, 145-lb. mittster from Calgary, Canada, who is seeking matches



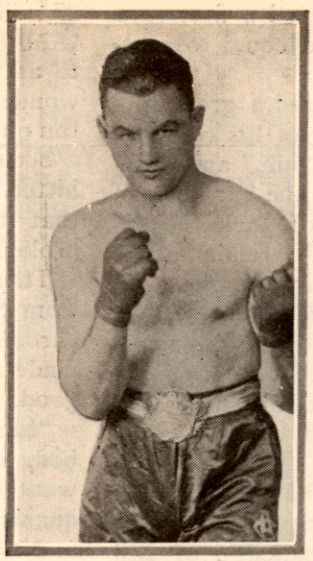
Wolf Larsen, former amateur terror, who is now making his residence in Boston



"Newport" Johnny Brown, prominent featherweight battling with marked success around Boston

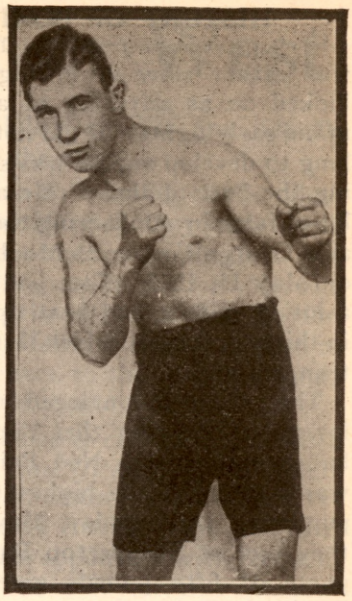


Frankie Murphy, of Denver, a welterweight who has been bowling 'em over in the West

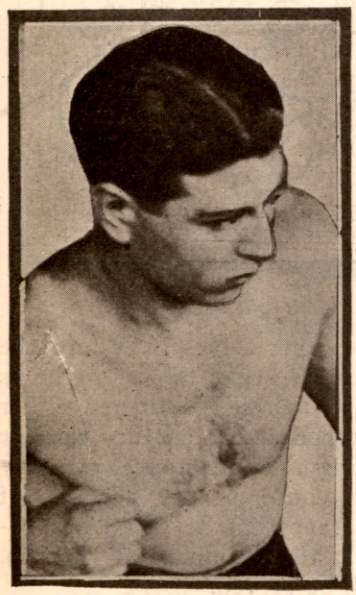


Al Carpenter, heavyweight Champion of the U. S. Navy, is successfully working his way among topnotchers

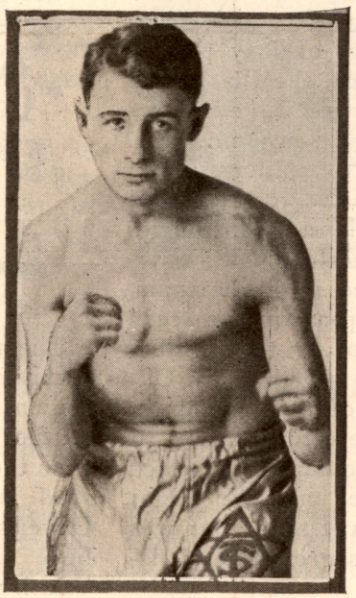
Benny Valger, the French Flash, hot on trail of Johnny Kilbane and Johnny Dundee



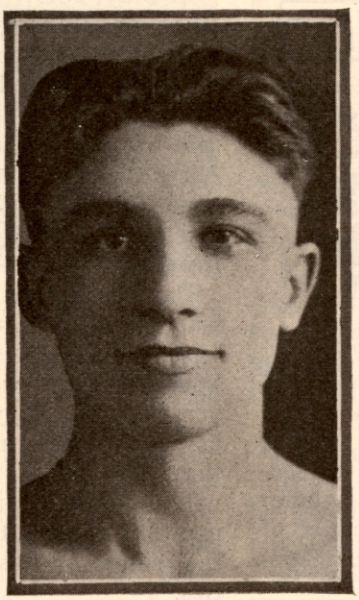
Mike Credell, a tough Welterweight from Philadelphia, who is seeking trouble with the leaders



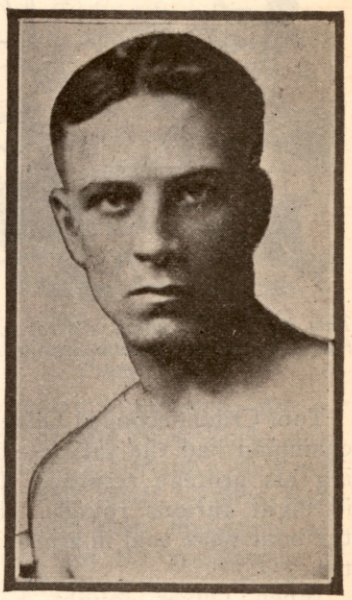
Mickey Landers, another former amateur star, who recently gained the award over Tony Julian in Boston



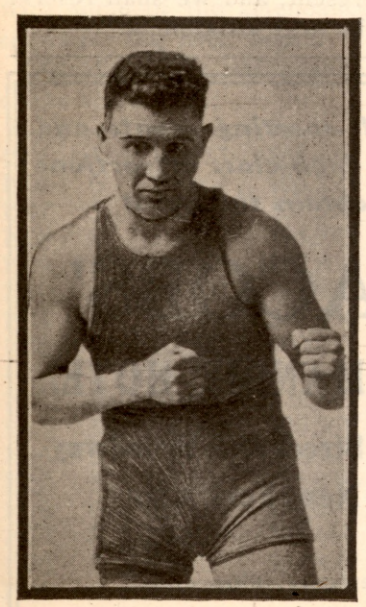
Sid Terris, latest featherweight sensation from New York, conceded an even chance to dethrone Johnny Dundee



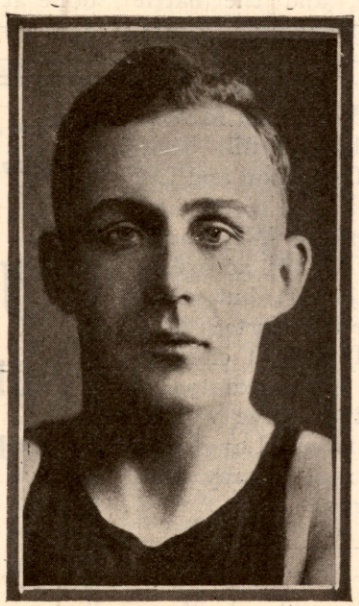
Phil Gusmano of Detroit, who made a good showing in several New York bouts, a short while ago



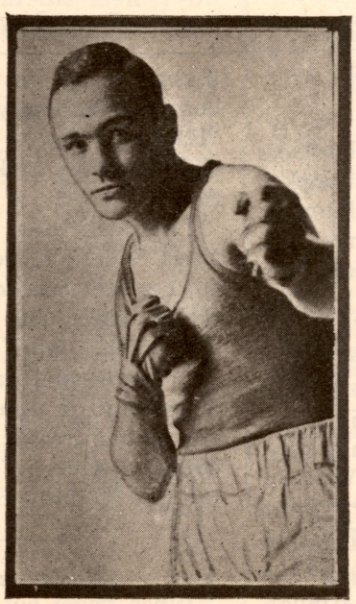
K. O. Jeokle of Cincinnati who stands out prominently in lightweight circles



Ray Rivers, junior lightweight from California, ready to mix it with the best of them



Kid Scott, 125-lb. boy from Calgary, Canada, who is making good in his territory.



Bobby Green, "The Texas Thunderboli" who has made several good fights around Boston

Warner Smith, "The Oklahoma Cowpuncher" who carries a terrific wallop

HISTORY OF BOXING

(*Continued from page* 19)

was rather slow in hitting and not looked on as anything of a punisher in his early fights. It did not take him long to develop and he was soon fighting the best of them. He acquired a lot of fame by conquering the redoubtable George Cooper at Moulsey Hurst on May 15, 1813. Tom had improved a lot in science and beat up his rival in thirteen rounds, which lasted seventeen minutes.

This victory convinced many followers of the ring that the gardener had a chance with Ned Painter, who was aspiring to the highest honors of pugilism. On Tuesday, May 17, 1814, they met at Shepperton Range for a purse of fifty pounds given by the Pugilistic Club.

Tom had now acquired a great following and like many of his contemporaries he opened a "pub."

Tom Cribb seconded Oliver, and the champion had the satisfaction of seeing his protege returned the winner in eight furious rounds. Details of the bout were told in a previous chapter.

When Oliver fought Kimber, he was considered a mere novice; against "Hopping Ned," a promising tyro. He soon arose beyond the calibre of a thumping commoner, and when he beat Painter he was acclaimed a first rate pugilist and considered equal to anything on the list.

Tom had now acquired a great following, and like many of his contemporaries he opened a "pub," and after two years of "minding the bar" he accepted the challenge of Jack Carter, the "Lancashire Hero," a claimant of the championship. They fought near Carlisle on October 4, 1816. Oliver was beaten, but he went down to glorious defeat. A little later on we will give the details of this tussle, for it was one of the toughest ever held in a British ring.

Tom retired to his bar for another two years, when his friends persuaded him to accept the challenge of Bill Neat, of Bristol, for one hundred guineas a side. Tom was knocked out after an hour of fighting.

In May, 1819, Oliver was at Epsom enjoying the races when some sportsmen offered a purse of fifty pounds for a fight. Kendrick, the Black, said he would like to try for it, and Oliver said he was willing to accommodate. After thirty rounds of milling, which lasted an hour and a quarter, Kendrick was knocked down by a facer and refused to come to scratch.

Dan Donnelly, the Irish champion, was the next to appear on the scene with "A Manifesto to the Milling World." That was accepted by Oliver, but the story of that encounter belongs to the interesting career of that "knight of the knuckle" which will be detailed later on. We might mention, though, that Dapper Dan was the winner of this, a great test of fistics.

Tom Shelton, who had risen high in esteem because of his conquest of Big Bob Burn, was matched shortly after this against Oliver, and the battle came off at Sawbridgeworth, Herts, 27 miles from London, on January 23, 1820. Oliver by this time was referred to as the "stale one," but he showed wonderful gameness, and made Shelton quit after 51 minutes. Shelton had a better style, but Oliver was a good hitter, and at the finish it was found that two of his rival's ribs were broken.

Then followed the great fight with Tom Spring, which has already been chronicled. After that battle Oliver made some remarks which still stand good.

"Lord bless you, he never let anybody see how he could fight till it was wanted; then he just served out the quantity. He had a head for fighting, and a man only wins by chance if he hasn't a head."

Youth will be served.

The more one delves back into the archives of the ring the more he is convinced that there is little new either in the methods of a century ago or even the lingo. For instance, you may read in a contemporary account of Oliver's career that he could not believe in "that important axiom, 'youth will be served.'"

The last fight of the old "Commissary" is too good a one not to have a little more said about it than can be done at present, and we shall reserve that for the next installment.

SAM LANGFORD

(*Continued from page* 11)

well known ones whom he knocked out were: 1908, Jim Barry (twice), 2 and 3; Tony Ross, 5; Jim Flynn, 1; 1910, Jim Flynn, 8; Jim Barry, 16; 1911, Jack O'Brien, 5; 1912, Sam McVey, 13 (met McVey 4 times); 1914, Gunboat Smith, 3; Harry Wills, 14; 1916, Wills, 19; Joe Jeannette, 10.

The boxers that he either lost to or drew with and knocked out in a return match were the following:

John Johnson, Andy Watson, "Young" Peter Jackson, Larry Temple, Joe Jeannette, "Black Fitzsimmons," Jim Barry, Tony Ross, Jim Flynn, Sandy Ferguson, Al Kubiak, Jeff Clarke, Tony Caponio, "Porky" Flynn, John Lester Johnson, "Gunboat Smith, Harry Wills, Sam McVey, "Battling Jim" Johnson, Bill Tate, Bobe Devere, Jack Thompson and Lee Anderson.

Langford was born in Weymouth, Nova Scotia, March 4, 1886, according to certain record books, but close friends claim that he is uncertain himself of the date. He fought close to 250 battles and had 90 knockouts. It is worthy of note that three world's champions came from Langford's country—George Dixon, Johnny Coulon and Tommy Burns.

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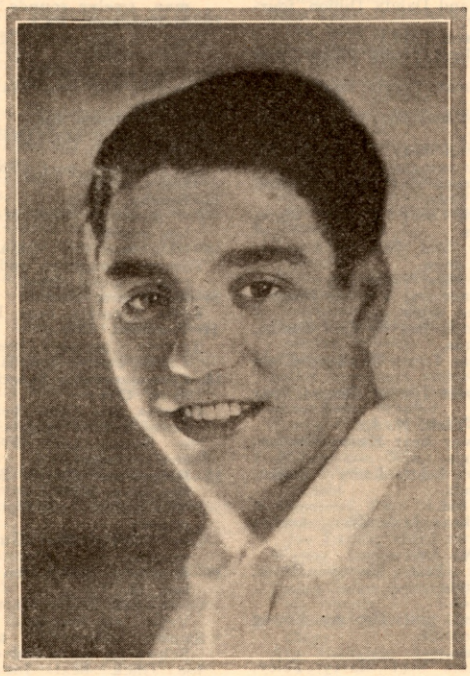
Mandell and Taylor Make Hit in West

CHICAGO, the big city of the middle-west, a hotbed of boxing, has discovered two youngsters among its flock of rising pugilists who possess ability above the ordinary, and boxing critics of the Windy City have supreme confidence that they can handle themselves against the best of their respective divisions.

Sammy Mandell, the "Rockford Flash," is more familiarly known as the Beau Brummel of the prize ring, and anyone acquainted with this sterling performer has nothing but admiration for him. Sammy does not bear any marks of his profession, and is often mistaken for the internationally known Rudolph Valentino. Sammy would more likely pass as a college student. He is a real flashy boxer in ring action, and his speed offsets the aggressiveness and ruggedness of his opponents.

Sammy made his New York debut at Madison Square Garden last winter, and made a profound impression by the decisive manner in which he defeated Harvey Bright, the "Fighting Doctor" of Brooklyn, in an exciting ten round battle. His amazing speed afoot and all round ring generalship made a big hit with the crowd, and it is the general opinion that he could hold his own with any featherweight in the country.

In Aurora, recently, he created another sensation by the manner in which he handled Eddie Kid Wagner, of Philadelphia, a conquerer of Featherweight Champion Johnny Dundee. Wagner is reputed to be one of the fastest feathers in the East, having defeated Babe Herman, Kid Kaplan, Earl Baird, Elino Flores, and several others in the pugilistic spotlight. Sammy left no doubt in the minds of the unbiased fight fans as to the winner of his tilt with Wagner.



Sammy Mandell

He was easily entitled to seven of the ten rounds. Eddie Kane and Eddie Long, who are handling the destinies of Mandell, claim no titles for their charge, but they are eager to test his ability against any 126 lb. mittster in the ring.

In addition to boasting of the talent possessed by Mandell, they wish to call the public's attention to the fact that another youngster in their stable who answers to the name of Bud Taylor, the "Terre Haute Terror," is just as much a menace to the bantamweights as Mandell is to the feathers.

Taylor gained over-night fame when he held the Punching Filipino, Pancho Villa, almost even in their recent ten round tussle. Villa had been licking all his opponents with frequent regularity, but in Taylor, was extended to the limit in order to gain the edge over his young opponent. Bud previously had scored two consecutive victories over Harry Gordon, the New York flash, who won a decision over Carl Tremaine.

Taylor also scales 116 lbs., but has fought all the bantams in the middle-west, including Harold Smith, Eddie Anderson, Frankie Genaro, Jimmy Kelly, and Patsy Flannigan.

Mandell and Taylor will come to New York this winter accompanied by the Messrs. Long and Kane, and a big upset in their respective classes will be the result.

Both boys are anxious to display their wares before New York spectators, and it is a certainty they will be granted their wish. Eddie Kane and Eddie Long, their managers, are now dickering for the appearance of the boys in Madison Square Garden.

BIG GATES OF RING AND DIAM OND

(*Continued from page* 18)

with some of the attendance and receipts for big fistic bouts.

World's series attendance and receipts since 1905:

Year	Games	Attendance	Receipts	Players' Pool
1905	5	91,033	$68,460	$27,391
1906	6	99,864	106,550	33,401
1907	5	78,068	101,550	54,933
1908	5	62,232	94,975	46,173
1909	7	145,807	188,862	66,925
1910	5	124,222	179,980	79,072
1911	6	179,851	342,364	127,910
1912	8	252,237	490,833	147,572
1913	5	150,992	325,979	135,164
1914	4	110,009	225,739	121,899
1915	5	143,351	320.361	144,899
1916	5	162,359	385,590	162,927
1917	5	185,691	425,878	152,888
1918	6	128,483	179,619	69,527
1919	8	236,928	722,414	195,262
1920	7	178,700	564,800	161,162
1921	8	269,977	900,233	229,391
1922	5	185,947	605,475	247,309
1923	6	301,430	1,063,815	363,783

The richest gates in the history of pugilism, with the attendances at these fights, follows:

	Gate	Crowd
Dempsey-Carpentier	$1,600.000	90,000
Dempsey-Firpo	1,188,822	82,228
Leonard-Tendler (N. Y.)	452,648	58,522
Dempsey-Willard	452,522	19,650
Willard-Firpo	390,837	100,000
Milk Fund Show	365,000	63,000
Leonard-Tendler (J. C.)	360,000	60,000
Johnson-Jeffries	270,775	20,000
Dempsey-Gibbons	201,485	7,202
Dempsey-Brennan	162,760	15,000
Willard-Moran	152,000	15,000
Leonard-Mitchell	136,408	15,000
Dundee-Criqui	134,416	35,000
Johnson-Burns	131,000	20,000
Leonard-Welling	99,750	15,000
Villa-Wilde	94,500	25,000
Jackson-Kansas	86,352	15,000
Lynch-Herman	82,683	15,000
Chaney-Sieger	75,384	15,000
Gans-Nelson	69,715	20,000
Jackson-Fitzsimmons	68,873	15,000
Willard-Johnson	68,000	30,000
Burns-Squires	67,000	20,000
Jeffries-Sharkey	66,300	20,000
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Results of Boxing Bouts

AUGUST

31—Alamosa, Colo.:
Harry Bramer beat Kid Belt, ten rounds.

SEPTEMBER

1—Kalamazoo, Mich.:
Sergt. Ray Smith won on a foul from Homer Smith, one round.

1—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Frankie McCann beat Kid Coster, four rounds.

3—Colorado Springs, Colo.:
Bud Hamilton knocked out Kewpie Callender, six rounds.

3—Salt Creek, Wyo.:
Earl Puryear and Joe Kelly, eight-round draw.

3—Sterling, Colo.:
Pat Flaherty beat George Moser, ten rounds.
Jack Sherley knocked out Jack Shafer, three rounds.

3—Albuquerque, N. M.:
Eddie Mack beat Joe Coffee, twelve rounds.

3—Trinidad, Colo.:
Young Zamara won on a foul from Jack Doyle, eight rounds.

4—Alamosa, Colo.:
Mike Baca won on a foul from Jack Doyle, eight rounds.

5—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Joe Benjamin knocked out Eddie Diggins, three rounds.
Eddie Macey and Midget Smith, four-round draw.
Young Grandetta and Benny Marks, four-round draw.

6—San Francisco, Calif.:
Soldier Burke and Jimmy Dime, four-round draw.
Johnny McManus knocked out Tom Sims, three rounds.
Bud Garber and Kid Manila, four-round draw.
Jack Wills knocked out Bid Christie, three rounds.
Jack Regan beat Joe Colima, four rounds.
Young Riley beat Jimmy Landrigan, four rounds.
Lou Dennison beat Kid Bermay, four rounds.

7—Casper, Wyo.:
Harvey Perkins and Hugh Walker, 10-round draw.
Billy Papke and Jack Doyle, 10-round draw.

10—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Harry Carlson and Frankie Edwards, ten-round draw.
Pete Hayes knocked out Jimmy Stewart, four rounds.
Lee Williams knocked out Connie George, first round.

10—Oakland A. A., Jersey City, N. J.:
Rocky Smith beat Jack Palmer, twelve rounds.
George Mulholland beat Frank Johns, eight rounds.
Johnny Holmes beat Earnie Moak, eight rounds.

10—Troy, N. Y.:
Billy Defoe knocked out Tommy Gerard, six rounds.

10—New Haven, Conn.:
Mickey Travers beat Eddie Kid Wagner, ten rounds.
Willie Shugrue beat Jimmy Corbett, ten rounds.

10—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Nate Carp beat Charley Ray, eight rounds.

10—Langley Field, Baltimore, Md.:
Eddie Burnbrook knocked out Sailor Ritchie, five rounds.
Bobby Garcia beat Red Leonard, ten rounds.

10—Scranton, Pa.:
Pep O'Brien knocked out Lew Herman, eight rounds.

10—Parks Rapids, Minn.:
Fred Fulton and Jack Gorman, six-round draw.

10—Salt Lake City, Utah:
Lew Paluso beat Johnny Hughes, one round.

10—Miami, Fla.:
Young Stribling beat Sailor Martin, ten rounds.

11—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Phil Salvatore beat Ritchie Mitchell, four rounds.

12—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Joe Monohan and Bobby Allen, four-round draw.
Kid Manila beat Johnny Drexel, four rounds.
Bud Noland and Charley Emmett, four-round draw.
Young Riley and Jimmy Landrigan, four-round draw.
Battling Miller beat Jack Murray, four rounds.
Sailor Dixon knocked out Jack Regan, third round.
Johnny Jiggs beat Jack Downs, four rounds.

12—Vancouver:
Billy Mascott beat Vick Foley, six rounds.

12—Seattle, Wash.:
Tod Morgan and Dandy Dillion, four-round draw.

12—San Francisco, Calif.:
Ray Pelkey beat Young Fisher, four rounds.
Gene Cline beat Travis Davis, four rounds.
Frank Farmer and Jim Tracey, four-round draw.
Teddy Seidman beat California Joe Lynch, four rounds.
Johnny Pastrano and Billy Wallace, four-round draw.
Johnny Buell beat Jimmy Risso, four rounds.
Eddie Kelley and Johnny Lawson, four-round draw.

12—Velodrome, New York City:
Spencer Gardner and Frankie Jerome, twelve-round draw.
Young Montreal lost to Carl Duane, twelve rounds.
Joe Ryder beat Louis Gugliemini, six rounds.
Jack Barry beat Jimmy Cancro, four rounds.

12—West New York, N. J.:
Frankie Conway beat Harry Gordon, twelve rounds.
Emil Morro beat Larry Regan, twelve rounds.

12—Baltimore, Md.:
Joe Dundee beat Jack Zivic, twelve rounds.

12—Paterson, N. J.:
Petey Mack beat Jimmy Proto, twelve rounds.

12—Detroit, Mich.:
Sid Barbarien and George Young Erne, ten rounds.

12—Boston, Mass.:
Eddie Williams beat Harry Foley, ten rounds.
Al Sears beat Jack Dillion, ten rounds.
Terry Parker beat Andy Martin, ten rounds.

12—Grand Junction, Colo.:
Mike Snyder lost to Johnny Corona, twelve rounds.

12—Pueblo, Colo.:
Bud Hamilton knocked out Joe Kelly, four rounds.

12—Bridgeport, Neb.:
Earl Puryear beat Frankie Manila, ten rounds.
George Moser and Budge Lamson, ten-round draw.

13—San Bernardino, Calif.:
Young Terry and Jack Spar, six-round draw.

13—Tacoma, Wash.:
Young Carmen beat Dave Bercot, six rounds.

13—San Pedro:
Walter Rooney beat Young Nick Michaels, six rounds.

13—Queensboro Stadium, Long Island City, N. Y.:
Providence Terry Martin beat Ensell Bell, ten rounds.
Henny Catena beat Sammy Bienfeld, ten rounds.
Sonny Smith beat Willie Spencer, ten rounds.

13—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Dominick Servido beat Tommy Thonas, eight rounds.
Andy Williams beat Billy Wells, eight rounds.
Harry Sutton and Morris Meola, eight-round draw.
Bobby Riston beat Joe Melito, eight rounds.

13—Rockaway Beach, N. Y.:
Jackie Marlowe knocked out Tiny Trinkle, ten rounds.
Harold Abbot beat Jimmy Roberts, ten rounds.

13—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Charley Pilkington and Johnny Holmes, ten-round draw.
Bobby Fitzsimmons beat Georgie Vanderbilt, ten rounds.

13—New Bedford, Mass.:
Chuck Siggs beat Marty Silvers, ten rounds.

13—Lowell, Mass.:
Newport Johnny Brown beat Romeo Roche, ten rounds.

14—Polo Grounds, New York City:
Jack Dempsey knocked out Luis Firpo, two rounds.
Bartley Madden beat Leo Gates, twelve rounds.
Jack Burke knocked out Bill Reid, five rounds.
Mike Burke beat Al Roberts, six rounds.
Charley Nashert beat Frankie Koebele, four rounds.
Dan Bright knocked out Lew Brown, one round.

14—Long Branch, N. J.:
Yussel Pearlstein beat Pete Coleman, twelve rounds.

14—McKeesport, Pa.:
Tony Lyons beat Mike Dempsey, ten rounds.

14—Montreal, Canada:
Leo Kid Roy beat Frankie Daly, ten rounds.

14—New Orleans, La.:
Mel Coogan beat Basil Galiano, fifteen rounds.
Alf Pettingill beat Charley Rodrique, ten rounds.

14—Omaha, Neb.:
Joe Simonich beat Morri Schlaiffer, ten rounds.

14—Oklahoma City, Okla.:
Tommy Moughren and Jim Delaney, twelve-round draw.

14—Muskegon, Mich.:
Eddie Trembly beat Larry Sobjeck,

14—Norwood, Colo.:
Tommy Comiskey beat Luther McCarty, twelve rounds.

15—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Panama Joe Gans beat Italian Joe Gans, twelve rounds.
Joe Souza beat Frankie Coster, twelve rounds.

15—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Willie Kohler beat Dutch Brandt, six rounds.
Lew Perfetti beat Gus Marino, six rounds.

17—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Cannonball Eddie Martin beat Johnny Vestri, six rounds.
Sammy Bienfeld and Corporal Schwartz, six-round draw.
Joe Glick beat Joe Ritchie, six rounds.
Frankie Albans beat Joe Reggie, six rounds.
Jack Snyder beat George Meagnut, six rounds.

17—Oakland A. A., Jersey City, N. J.:
Joe Matranga beat Johnny Coney, twelve rounds.
Harry Mulcahy and Joey Baker, twelve-round draw.

17—Brighton Sporting Club, Staten Island, N. Y.:
Rocky Smith knocked out Jay Lanahan, twelve rounds.

17—Trenton, N. J.:
Willie Herman beat Danny Cooney, ten rounds.

17—Troy, N. Y.:
Frankie Laurette knocked out Marty Summers, six rounds.

17—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Jimmy Slattery beat Johnny Klesch, six rounds.

17—Nashua, N. H.:
Phinney Boyle and Frankie Quill, twelve-round draw.

17—Springfield, Ohio:
Benny Valger beat K. O. Mars, twelve rounds.

17—Philadelphia, Pa.:
George Godfrey knocked out Buddy Jackson, two rounds.

17—Columbus, Ohio:
Willie Herman beat Jimmy Carcey, twelve rounds.

17—Chicago, Ill.:
Erbie Goozeman knocked out Frankie Schaefer, six rounds.

17—Lancaster, Pa.:
Sid Terris beat Frankie Rice, ten rounds.

17—Indianapolis, Ind.:
Sammy Mendall beat Joey Fox, ten rounds.

17—Mobile, Ala.:
Louis Hill knocked out Frankie King, second round.

17—Memphis, Tenn.:
Jimmy Smith knocked out Ray Naywood, second round.

18—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Jimmy Goodrich beat Alex Hart, fifteen rounds.
Wilbur Cohen beat Sammy Cohen, ten rounds.

18—Albany, N. Y.:
Eddie Burnbrook knocked out Jimmy Kelly, ten rounds.
Frankie Barrick and Joe Lebate, ten-round draw.

18—Boston, Mass.:
Red Chapman beat Andy Chaney, ten rounds.

18—Winnipeg, Canada:
Jack Taylor beat Frank Simmons, ten rounds.

18—Hoquiam, Wash.:
Sailor Liston beat Young Dudley, six rounds.

18—Portland, Ore.:
Spug Meyers beat Johnny Trambatas, ten rounds.

20—102d Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Willie Galligan beat Sunny Cashin, ten rounds.

20—Dreamland Park, Newark, N. J.:
Buck Josephs beat Joe Sparkplug Russell, ten rounds.
Johnny Russell and Chick Kansas, ten-round draw.
Ray Neuman and Sailor Maxted, ten-round draw.

20—Davenport, Iowa:
Mickey Walker knocked out Bobby Green, eight rounds.

20—Omaha, Neb.:
Jack Renault knocked out Tony Jim Herman, seven rounds.

20—Baltimore, Md.:
Little Jeff knocked out Kid Fredericks, seven rounds.
Hank Dundee beat Steve Cole, eight rounds.

21—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Frankie Jerome and Carl Duane, twelve-round draw.
Joey Sangor beat Spencer Gardner, twelve rounds.
Willie Davis beat Jack Stark, six rounds.
Jimmy Hutchison and Joe Ritchie, six-round draw.
Tom McKiernan beat Jimmy Miller, four rounds.

21—Berlin, Germany:
Paul Sampson knocked out Giuseppe Spalla, six rounds.

21—Marysville, Ohio:
Gene Cline beat Eddie Landoon, twelve rounds.

21—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Dandy Dick Griffin and Eddie Macey, four rounds.
Eddie Diggins beat Frankie Dean, four rounds.

21—San Francisco, Calif.:
Al Andrews and Bobby Allen, four-round draw.
Eddie McGovern beat Bud Nolan, four rounds.
Young Riley and Jack Kirk, four-round draw.
Arthur Titus beat Joe Colima, four rounds.
Johnny Walker knocked out Eddie Hayes, one round.
Johnny Lawson beat Johnny Drexel, four rounds.
Jimmy Fisk beat George Decker, four rounds.

21—Aurora, Ill.:
Harold Smith beat Lew Hurley, ten rounds.
Hughie Dwyer beat Joe McCabem, ten rounds.

21—Danbury, Conn.:
Joe Ross and Roger Wagner, ten-round draw.
Irish Johnny Moore knocked out John O'Leary, second round.
Sailor Jack Denley and Eddie Ginty, six-round draw.

21—Toronto, Canada:
Curley Wilshur beat Kid Roy, ten rounds.

21—Rochester, N. Y.:
Jimmy Mendo and Tommy Ryan, ten-round draw.

21—Long Branch, N. J.:
Corporal Schwartz beat Al Felder, twelve rounds.

21—Boston, Mass.:
George Ward beat Eddie Shevlin, ten rounds.

21—St. Paul, Minn.:
Dave Shade beat Italian Joe Gans, ten rounds.

21—Kalamazoo, Mich.:
Homer Smith knocked out Sergt. Ray Smith, eight rounds.

21—Pottsville, Pa.:
Danny Cooney beat Pedro Campo, ten rounds.
Al Willis and Rhoddy McDonald, eight-round draw.
Sammy Fulton beat Young Dempsey, six rounds.

21—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Sailor Pacillo and Billy Pollock, ten-round draw.

22—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Charley Rosenberg beat Harry London, twelve rounds.
Sammy Vogel beat Harry Gorsky, twelve rounds.

22—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Willie Harmon knocked out Cowboy Williams, seven rounds.
Joe Glick and Tony Palmer, six-round draw.
22—9th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Willie Clarkson knocked out Frankie Coster, five rounds.
Billy Wells knocked out Eddie Brown, five rounds.
24—Lancaster, Pa.:
Irish Johnny Curtin and Rosey Stoy, ten-round draw.
24—Scranton, Pa.:
Teddy Meyers beat Pop O'Brien, ten rounds.
Sonny Smith beat Billy McCarty, ten rounds.
24—Lenox A. C., New York City:
Mickey Brown beat Pepper Martin, twelve rounds.
24—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Harry Galfund beat Phil Bloom, twelve rounds.
Barney Adair and Nick Foley, no contest, seven rounds.
24—Oakland A. A., Jersey City, N. J.:
Harry Battling Leonard beat Frankie Conway, twelve rounds.
Jimmy Jackson beat Dodo Jackson, eight rounds.
Billy Viadbeck beat Tony Sirocco, eight rounds.
24—Laurel Gardens, Newark, N. J.:
K. O. Phil Kaplan and Phil Krug, twelve-round draw.
24—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Harry Kid Brown won on a foul from K. O. Chaney, two rounds.
Joe Tiplitz beat Joe Reno, eight rounds.
Danny Kramer beat Jack West, eight rounds.
Young Chaney beat Johnny Marino, eight rounds.
Harry Moore knocked out Johnny Downey, three rounds.
24—Boston, Mass.:
Pancho Villa beat Tony Thomas, twelve rounds.
24—Norwalk, Conn.:
Johnny Leonard knocked out Red Cap Wilson, five rounds.
24—Binghamton, N. Y.:
Pat Mills beat Ray Pyrel, twelve rounds.
Bud Dempsey and Frankie Mack, ten-round draw.
24—Juarez, Mexico:
Jeff Smith beat Lee Anderson, fifteen rounds.
25—47th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Joe Glick beat Emil Morro, twelve rounds.
Al Miller knocked out Pete Lahey, second round.
25—Albany, N. Y.:
Dave Rosenberg beat Mike Morley, twelve rounds.
Sammy Bienfeld beat Gus Marino, ten rounds.
25—St. Louis, Mo.:
Frank Carbone-Jack Malone, no contest, eight rounds.
25—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Bert Colima beat Henry Melcar, six rounds.
Jim Tracy beat Rocco Stramaglia, six rounds.
26—Edinburgh, Scotland:
Augie Ratner and Johnny Brown, twenty-round draw.
26—Oakland, Calif.:
Floyd Johnson beat Willie Meehan, four rounds.
26—Washington, Ohio:
Frisco Kid McGale knocked out Arthur Stigall, second round.
Chuck Mason won from Panama Barnsdale on a foul, three rounds.
Boxer Drake knocked out Battling Moody, fifth round.
27—Queensboro Stadium, Long Island City, N. Y.:
Pete Zivic beat Battling Leonard, ten rounds.
Billy Defoe beat Sid Bernard, ten rounds.
Dutch Brandt beat Luke Tenner, ten rounds.
27—102 Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Tommy Chip beat Tony Marto, ten rounds.
Frankie Cronin beat Dan Toomey, ten rounds.
Joe Zink and Jack Mace, eight-round draw.
27—Rink Sporting Club, New York City:
Mel Coogan beat Tim Droney, ten rounds.
Willie Kohler beat Al Delmont, ten rounds.
Sammy Nable knocked out Frankie Coster, four rounds.
Willie O'Connell stopped Tommy Devine, four rounds.
Johnny Green beat Joe Reggi, four rounds.
27—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Emil Morro beat Ruby Stein, ten rounds.
Charley Murray and Irish Fagen, ten-round draw.
27—Waterbury, Conn.:
Johnny Shugrue beat Johnny Darcy, twelve rounds.
27—Berwyn, Md.:
Jackie Clarke beat Jack Duffy, twelve rounds.
27—San Francisco, Calif.:
Ray Fee knocked out Howard Carroll, second round.
Ray Higgins beat Gene Holtkamp, four rounds.
Lloyd Emerson knocked out A. Vorrath, third round.
Roberts Andrews knocked out F. Klein, second round.
Paul Schiller beat B. McCream, four rounds.
Bert Mazeau knocked out Tom Hudelson, second round.
Hal Yont knocked out H. Hildebrand, second round.
Dewey Spates beat Harry Legman, four rounds.
Joe Mancorsa knocked out George Blackman, second round.
Tom Brady knocked out Joe House, second round.
27—Modesto, Calif.:
Claire Bromeo beat Alex Tasloff, four rounds.
Henry Scott beat Baby Blue, four rounds.
Joe Anbrew beat Kid Gilmore, four rounds.
Sailor Lee and Martin O'Shea, four-round draw.
Billy Bonillas knocked out Babe Harris, one round.
Young Borba knocked out Andy Lombardi, third round.
27—San Francisco, Calif.:
Marty Foley beat George Gibbons, four rounds.
Sammy Compagno beat Johnny Fisker, four rounds.
Tom Gardner knocked out Jack Wills, third round.
Soldier Burke and Johnny Tillman, four-round draw.
Young Peter Maher beat Charley Sims, four rounds.
George Decker beat Danding Santos, four rounds.
Jimmy Riss knocked out Battling McCredle, third round.
28—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Joe Welling beat Hughey Dwyer, ten rounds.
Lou (Kid) Kaplan beat Jimmy Goodrich, ten rounds.
Babe Herman and Mickey Travers, ten-round draw.
Lew Perfetti beat Willie Darcy, six rounds.
Joe Celmars beat Jimmy Cashin, four rounds.
28—Boston, Mass.:
Pat McCarty beat Joe Hambone Kelly, ten rounds.
Sid Teriss knocked out Frankie Ryan, five rounds.
28—Aurora, Ill.:
Jack Renault knocked out Joe Downey, three rounds.
Dave Shade beat Joe O'Hara, ten rounds.
Boots Hanson knocked out Lefty Starrin, two rounds.
Marine Ranieri knocked out Joe Baker, two rounds.
28—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Mike Schultz beat Johnny McLaughlin, eight rounds.
Tip McCarty beat Young Serigo, eight rounds.
Jackie Marin beat Jack Hanlon, eight rounds.
Young Mulligan beat Tommy Hanlin, eight rounds.
29—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Frankie Genaro beat Vincent Salvatore, twelve rounds.
Joe Souza knocked out Herman Shane, second round.
29—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Eddie Brady beat Freddy Jacks, twelve rounds.
Lew Petrozelli beat Jackie Harris, six rounds.
Johnny Hamm beat Tommy Milton, six rounds.
Otto Johnson won on a foul from Joe Skinner, three rounds.

OCTOBER

1—London, England:
Georges Carpentier knocked out Joe Beckett, one round.
1—Oakland A. A., Jersey City, N. J.:
Charley Neshert beat Ray Neuman, twelve rounds.
George Buckley knocked out Fred Willis, third round.
Joe Celmars knocked out Kid Roberts, five rounds.
Frank Nussey beat Artie Bird, six rounds.
1—Lenox A. A., New York City:
Billy Shade beat Mike Burke, twelve rounds.
Harry Galfund beat Tony Lyons, twelve rounds.
1—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Frankie Pitcher beat Bobby Michaels, twelve rounds.
Nat Pincus and Jack Snyder, six-round draw.
1—Louisville, Ky.:
Lew Silver beat Joe Ritchie, twelve rounds.
1—Boston, Mass.:
Jack Renault knocked out Fred Fulton, nine rounds.
1—New Orleans, La.:
Jeff Smith beat Chuck Wiggings, fifteen rounds.
1—Toronto, Canada:
Bobby Eber beat Young Mack, fifteen rounds.
Jimmy Slattery beat Jack McFarland, eight rounds.
1—Camp Eustis, Va.:
Eddie Burnbrook knocked out Juan Rodriquez, third round.
1—Trenton, N. J.:
Tommy Murphy beat Pal Moore, ten rounds.
Willie Davis beat Artie McCann, ten rounds.
1—Youngstown, Ohio:
Sammy Nable beat Tommy Ryan, twelve rounds.
1—Chicago, Ill.:
Sailor Freedman knocked out Cowboy Pladgett, third round.
1—Aberdeen, Wash.:
Young Carman beat Fred Anderson, six rounds.
1—Milwaukee, Wis.:
Billy Wells beat Joe Simonich, twelve rounds.
1—Charleroi, Pa.:
Johnny Kink won on a foul from Joe Laurie, third round.
Walter Dickerson defeated Sammy Sarzen, six rounds.
Young Sailor defeated Johnny Russell, six rounds.
2—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Abe Goldstein beat Tommy Lynch, twelve rounds.
Henny Catena beat Corporal Schwartz, ten rounds.
Wilbur Cohen knocked out Sammy Cohen, three rounds.
Louis Guglielmini beat Jack Guida, six rounds.
Frank Hyland beat Owen Moran, four rounds.
2—Atlanta, Ga.:
Homer Smith beat Joe Lohman, twelve rounds.
2—Perth Amboy, N. J.:
Mickey Mooney knocked out Erie Kohler, fifth round.
Jack McFarland beat Tommy Marks, eight rounds.
2—Worcester, Mass.:
Tommy Leahy beat Sailor Byron, ten rounds.
2—Forty-seventh Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Leroy Powell beat Midget Irla, ten rounds.
Eddie Clifford knocked out Nilly Weiss, second round.
Phil Leonard beat Jimmy Werner, eight rounds.
3—Baltimore, Md.:
Joe Dundee knocked out Jack Darcy, two rounds.
Charley Holman beat Joe Ryder, ten rounds.
4—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Harry Greb beat Jimmy Darcy, ten rounds.
4—Columbus, Ga.:
Mike McTigue and Young Stribling, ten-round draw.
4—London, England:
Ted Kid Lewis beat Frankie Burns, twenty rounds.
4—Queensboro Stadium, Long Island City, N. Y.:
Bartley Madden beat Jack McAuliffe, twelve rounds.
Joey Silvers knocked out George Brown, first round.
Billy Miller knocked out Charley Lease, third round.
Otto Johnson beat Billy Houlihan, six rounds.
Jack Adnit beat Johnny Noble, four rounds.
Joey Werner beat Mike Snello, six rounds.
4—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Dave Rosenberg knocked out Soldier Bartfield, fourth round.
Sid Terris beat Joey Baker, six rounds.
August Pisano knocked out Mickey McGuigan, second round.
Charley Izzo knocked out Carroll Setter, second round.
Sammy Markowitz beat Buddy Wallace, four rounds.
4—Bridgeport, Conn.:
Louis Bogash beat Jock Malone, twelve rounds.
4—Providence, R. I.:
Pete August beat Frankie Britt, ten rounds.
4—Tacoma, Wash.:
Tiny Jim Herman knocked out Jim Tracy, first round.
4—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Jack Douglass knocked out Phil Reynolds, three rounds.
Paul Berlenbach knocked out Jimmy Roberts, one round.
Bobby Risden beat Midget Irla, eight rounds.
Willie Galligan beat Young Peppe, eight rounds.
5—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Pal Moran knocked out Charley White, fourteen rounds.
Harold Smith beat Danny Lee, twelve rounds.
Vic Brig beat Al Studdy, six rounds.
George Dougherty knocked out Carl Rindone, three rounds.
5—Fall River, Mass.:
Chuck Suggs beat Abe Goldstein, ten rounds.
5—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Mickey Garcia beat Dennie Mack, ten rounds.
5—Milwaukee, Wis.:
Johnny Mendelsohn knocked out Eddie Mohme, nine rounds.
5—Aurora, Ill.:
Sammy Mendall beat Eddie Kid Wagner, ten rounds.
6—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Lew Perfetti beat Sammy Bienfeld, six rounds.
Jimmy Hutchison beat Jackie Coburn, six rounds.
Joe Glick knocked out Harry Simmons, second round.
Tony Zeccone beat Al Greenberg, six rounds.
6—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Jack McVey beat Wildman Gould, twelve rounds.
Ansell Bell beat Enrique Savardo, twelve rounds.
6—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Emil Morro beat Pete Hayes, twelve rounds.
Billy Brown beat Al Gloria, eight rounds.
8—Dreamland Park, Newark, N. J.:
Mickey Walker-Jimmy Jones, no contest, nine rounds.
Jack McFarland beat Sammy Mossberg, eight rounds.
Patsy Nelson beat Young Palmer, eight rounds.
Johnny Green beat Frankie Moore, eight rounds.
8—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Terry Miller and Al Felder, ten-round draw.
Jimmy Kane and Larry Regan, ten-round draw.
8—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Pat Mills beat Johnny Holmes, twelve rounds.
Jack Hausner and Eddie Brady, twelve rounds.
8—Rochester, N. Y.:
Sid Barbarien beat Teddy Meyers, twelve rounds.
8—Boston, Mass.:
Battling McCreary beat Clem Johnson, ten rounds.
Benny Valgar beat Joe Currie, ten rounds.
Lew Paluso beat Mickey Travers, ten rounds.
8—Pittsfield, Mass.:
Young Lagess beat Kid Krouse, ten rounds.
8—Nashua, N. H.:
Phinney Boyle beat Frankie Quill, ten rounds.
8—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Bobby Barrett beat Joe Tiplitz, eight rounds.
Danny Kramer beat Freddy Jacks, eight rounds.
Ray Mitchell and Bate Goldman, eight-round draw.
Billy Angelo beat Mickey Papner, six rounds.
Billy Pimpus beat Sammy Novia, six rounds.
8—New Orleans, La.:
Martin Burke knocked out Bob Martin, seven rounds.
8—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Willie Shaw beat George Weyman, ten rounds.
Jackie McCoy beat Jimmy Monroe, ten rounds.

Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE defeat of Charley White at the hands of Pal Moran in their recent tilt in Madison Square Garden was the biggest pugilistic upset that has occurred in some time. White, entering the ring a 3 to 1 favorite, was stopped in the fourteenth round after a thrilling scrap that kept the fans on edge. Moran was in a bad way on several occasions but Pal retaliated by flooring Charley several times.

Charley claims that he did not have sufficient time to get properly trained, and that he will never acknowledge Moran his superior until they meet in a return bout. Be that as it may there is no doubt Charley received the beating of his life. He was out on his feet for three rounds and was battered from pillar to post.

Harold Smith, the Chicago bantam who appeared in the semi-final on the same card, made a big hit with the fans with his clever style. He had as his opponent, Danny Lee, who gave him a good fight but was puzzled throughout at Smith's dazzling speed. Smith will be welcome here any time.

Sammy Bienfeld, the New York East Sider who has aspirations of meeting Villa or Genaro, is attaining added popularity in each battle. Sammy was presented with a bathrobe and a pair of silken trunks by the Crescent Club after his battle with Corporal Izzy Schwartz, and was given a banquet by the Lewton Club, in honor of his victory.

Chuck Colossi, first class trainer of fighters, has taken two battlers under his care, and under his tutelage they have improved considerably. Joey and Marty Silvers, the two Brooklyn featherweights, are the fortunate ones to secure the services of so able a handler. Joey has knocked out his last three opponents, Johnny Griffin, Charley Hayes, and Georgie Brown.

Lew Perfetti, the Long Island City youngster, who still remains undefeated in the professional ranks, is improving in each start. He added the name of Sammy Bienfeld to his list of victims in a hurricane six round battle. The decision was close, and there were many of the opinion that Bienfield was entitled to same. The only way to decide those disputes is a return match.

Vic Brog of Pittsburgh, is making good in local circles. Coming here practically unknown, Vic is winning all his bouts in impressive fashion and is making a name for himself.

Jimmy Francis, welterweight from Jersey, looks like a real fighter in action, and it won't be many moons before Jimmy obtains just recognition for his efforts. Francis shapes up wonderfully in gymnasium workouts and with a little more schooling will be ready for the stellar lights.

Frankie Conway, formerly residing in Philadelphia, but now making his home on the West Side, scored a notable victory over Harry Gordon, the Greenwich Village sensation, who has a decision over Carl Tremaine, in a twelve round bout at West New York Playgrounds A. C. a short time ago. Frankie has been boxing for several years and is now at the crest of his career. He will make trouble for any of the bantamweight contenders. Al Gorman who is managing Conway, would not hesitate to put him into a cage of lions.

Patsy Rago, a flyweight product from Mulberry Bend, is coming along at a rapid pace. He has won his last nine starts. He is being handled by Joe Marlowe, who trains Pepper and Terry Martin.

Harvey Bright "the fighting Doctor of Brooklyn" has announced his retirement from the ring and in the future will engage in the printing business where the returns will be just as great as from ring combat. Harvey was rated one of the best featherweights in the East, and his loss will be keenly felt by his many admirers.

Jimmy (Butch) O'Hagan, the classy Albany middleweight, who has fought here on numerous occasions and always made good. is out with a defi to the new middleweight champion, Harry Greb, for a crack at his title. O'Hagan has practically eliminated opposition, and his manager, Jimmy Betts, intends to post a forfeit with the State Athletic Commission compelling Greb to meet O'Hagan. Jimmy just returned from the Coast where he won several bouts and made a big hit with the Coast fans.

Johnny Breslin, aggressive and game west side flyweight, has difficulty in securing opponents. Johnny was a former simon pure and since casting his lot with the professionals, has lost only one decision.

"Cannonball" Eddie Martin and Johnny Vestri, a southpaw, staged one of the greatest fights witnessed in Brooklyn, when they clashed recently at the Broadway Exhibition Association of Brooklyn. They stood toe to toe for six rounds exchanging punches without an instant's let up, Martin securing the decision. Martin and Vestri are both under 21 years of age, and cannot box more than six rounds, although they would qualify to meet any of the top-notchers at a longer distance.

The all star six round bouts have proved to be a popular feature in local boxing circles, and the proof of the pudding is that they outdraw the ten, twelve, and fifteen round contests. The participants are boys who cannot engage in bouts of more than six rounds duration, and some mighty good talent has been developed. This novel plan was originated by Andy Niedereiter of the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, and has been taken up by the other local matchmakers.

Al Greenberg, who represented the South Philadelphia Hebrew Association, in amateur circles, and captured the flyweight championship of the Middle Atlantic States, is now living in Brooklyn. He is in training for a strenuous professional career. Al is a bantam but is growing rapidly and will be fighting in the lightweight class before long.

John Cicio of Brooklyn and Frankie Callahan, formerly a lightweight of great repute, have formed a partnership in a stable of mitt slingers that bids fair to make them all sit up and take notice. Jackie Coburn, featherweight; Frankie Quill, welterweight, and Harry Carlson, lightweight, comprise their list.

Carlson has fought all the leading lightweights, including Johnny Dundee, Harry Kid Brown, Joe Tiplitz, Tony Julian and other leading lights.

Quill has mingled with George Ward, Paul Doyle, Jay Lanahan, Willie Harmon and the conventional others.

Coburn is only a youngster who is showing great form in his bouts and will eventually be combatting the headliners.

August Pisano, the Coney Terror, has scored knockouts in his last two contests, which has caused extreme happiness to Frank La Magna, who is handling Pisano.

Billy Miller, latest bantam sensation from Brooklyn, is fast coming to the fore. He has won all of his starts, eight in all. Willie Reese, who is training Billy, is confident that his charge has all of the qualifications of a coming champion, and is training him accordingly.

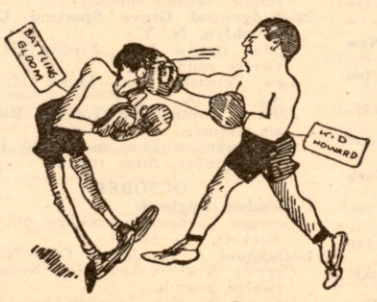
Joey Schwartz, the classy bantam from Detroit, who is making his home in the big city, has left the management of Joe Woodman and is seeking the services of a new mentor. Joey has fought the leading bantams of the country, and is a pleasing battler in action.

Marty Summers of the East Side, who once ranked on equal terms with the leaders of the welterweight division, is in vigorous training for a strenuous campaign. Marty was compelled to lay off at the height of his career owing to serious illness, but announces his fitness to engage in some bouts this winter. He has a newspaper decision over Mickey Walker, before the latter was crowned the champion.

Nick Quagerelli, one of the most promising youngsters ever developed in the amateur ranks, looks like the real goods in the bantam class. Nick has won every professional contest that he has engaged in, and to date has recorded fifteen straight wins.

George K. O. Chaney of Baltimore, reputed to be the hardest puncher in the lightweight class, Benny Leonard not excepted, has a mighty bad habit of losing his fights on a foul when he does not dispose of his opponent in the first few rounds. His latest victim was Harry "Kid" Brown of Phila. They fought recently in the Quaker City, and Chaney was disqualified in the opening round for deliberately hitting Brown low. If Chaney cannot learn to keep his blows high, he should retire from the ring.

When in Chicago



Out - of - town boxers are invited to train at Kid Howard's Famous Arcade Gymnasium.

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BUFFALO BOXING NOTES

By HUGH SHANNON

Buffalo's indoor boxing season is in full swing with both the Velodrome and Queensberry clubs putting on real fighting cards, the kind the Buffalo fans demand.

The Queensberry club started with Jimmy Slattery winning over Johnny Klesch in a fast bout. Klesch put up a good scrap but Slattery was too fast for him.

In the windup at the Velodrome club on Oct. 1, Jack Oakes, the crack negro welter, added another to his rapidly growing list of victims when he defeated Allentown Dundee. Dundee took a sound pasting gamely but was able to last out the six rounds. All the bouts were of six rounds and the other bouts resulted as follows: Tommy Phillips and Fritz Meiler drew; Jess Doctor beat Alex Gibbons ; Young Weygant defeated Billy Aaron and Christy Mueller, former well known amateur boxer, stopped Barlow in three rounds.

Two of Buffalo's best boxers, Tommy Ryan, bantam, and Frankie Schoell, welterweight, were winners in out of town matches last week. Schoell stopped Frankie Mantell of Vancouver, Can., in four rounds at Scranton and Ryan easily beat Sammy Nable of New York at Youngstown.

Ryan and Schoell are knocking at the door of the championship in their respective classes. The writer would not be surprised to see both Ryan and Schoell crowned world's champions within a year.

Buffalo has Rocky Kansas dangerously close to the world's lightweight title, even now. Charlie White and Lew Tendler have been beaten by Kansas and although Leonard has always whipped him there seems to be no other 133-35 pounder who can trim Rocco. If Leonard outgrows his class Kansas is the next best.

Jimmy Goodrich, local junior lightweight, is making good in New York under the management of Charlie Rose. Goodrich and Red Carr, his former manager, parted company and Goodrich placed himself under Rose's direction. Since breaking into New York Goodrich beat Alex Hart and Pal Moran and lost to Kid Kaplan.

Teddy Meyers is anxious to box Goodrich for the local junior lightweight title. They have met about six times with various results. Several times the matches were draws.

Tommy Phillips, lightweight boxer, who came to Buffalo from McKeesport about a year ago, is well liked here and is a fine card because of his willingness to fight at all times. Phillips has won and lost in Buffalo rings but he has yet to put up a bad fight.

Ted Joyce the Toronto featherweight, one of the hardest punchers of his weight in the ring, is having a hard time getting a match with Kid Roy, the Montreal French-Canadian. Roy is steering clear of a match with Joyce. The same can be said of Curley Wilshur, who is the recognized Canadian champion featherweight. Joyce can make 122 pounds but is willing to box anyone up to 126.

RIGHT CROSSES FROM LOUISVILLE

By RAY

We have been handed fair bouts, good ones, some that were very good, but the best that has ever been put on here was a twelve round go between Willie Ames of Akron and Frankie Garcia of Memphis. Talk of a crowd! Standing all through the fight. The bugs here were not only standing but cheering their favorite every minute of the fracas.

The footwork of Ames was wonderful to say the least, and Garcia made him thankful that he had such classy foot work. Garcia in the early rounds didn't seem to be able to solve the jumping, dancing style of Willie but as the go progressed he got his right to working and was going great guns at the finish. Ames used a left hook to the head and body. There wasn't one slow minute in the whole bout.

Both boys were equally willing to mix it and though the papers were 3 to 1 favoring Ames, the writer thinks Garcia should have been nothing worse than a draw on account of his more accurate punching and stronger finish. The club will put on more good bouts but the fans will always compare them with this one and find them wanting.

Harry Fay of McKeesport, who won the National Amateur Championship in Boston in April of this year, took Soldier Buck, the smart local middle, into camp in the main go at the Broadway Bowl. Fay looks to be a real comer. He has just turned 19 and is a Greb style of fighter. Since turning pro he has had five battles, four ending with a K. O., and had Buck been an iota slower or less clever he would have been the fifth victim. His K. O. victory over George Perotta at Wheeling on Labor Day was so clean cut that the promoter had him sign up for another show before he left. He is by far the best looking prospect in the middle division that has been shown here.

Jimmy Finley, who is making his home in the South, just can't be stopped or beaten, it seems. Jimmy since heading South has an unusual victory string and the opponents were the best the South had to offer. He is scheduled to take on Cowboy Padgett in his next bout.

Frankie Jones, the Pacific Coast Welter, is again in our midst. He is going to fight out of here during the cold months. Frankie had a very successful summer around Cincinnati and Indianapolis. He takes on Harry Fay of McKeesport on the 7th. Glad to see you back, Frankie.

The Jefferson Athletic Club opened up the indoor season to a capacity house. The officials are the same as last season with the exception of the matchmaker. Blink Samuels is now holding down the job and wants to use high-class boys this season. Get in touch with him, you out-of-towners. You will find Blink a square shooter and you won't be sorry for having made his acquaintance.

Jackie Dugan, our high class bantam, shoved himself up a notch in the estimation of the fans and promoters when he stepped in the semi of the Jefferson opening show and took Mutt Snyder into camp. Mutt had it on Jackie at the inside game but Jack showed him enough jabs and crosses to more than make up for his inferiority at infighting. It was a great bout and both boys deserved plenty of credit.

Lew Silvers took Joe Ritchie, the Newark cave man, into camp in the main go. It was a nip and tuck fight and the last two rounds was the turning point. Ritchie dropped Silvers in the first round but Lew evened matters in the eleventh by sending Ritchie to the canvas.

Frankie Porto is continuing in his winning ways. His latest victim was Patsy Johnson of Akron. Porto, with puzzling style had Johnson in the van all the way.

Billy Cecil finally broke up the brother act with Kid, winning in their last bout. Cecil handed the "Over the river" boy such a neat lacing that in the opinion of the writer it would be foolish to match 'em again. Billy was fighting like he knows how, moving around and stepping in and out.

Jimmy Dell, the popular local lightweight, ran into too many left jabs and lost to Johnny Lucas. Lucas showed up Bell's weakness. He has no defense against a fast left hand and, to say the least, Lucas has just one of those things—a left that is a beauty, and he knows how to use it.

A very likely looking prospect is Raymond Meeks, a 120 pounder. Ray is fighting in the 4's at the present but will be ready for bigger game shortly.

BALTIMORE GOSSIP

Joe Dundee, the local lightweight, who has been winning with startling regularity this season cut another notch in his gun on October 3 when he was credited with a knockout over Jack Darcy from the Pacific Coast. Darcy, who came to Baltimore heralded as a first class performer, claimed he had been fouled in the second stanza and sat on the floor of the ring while Referee Herman Miller counted him out. At the clang of the bell for the first round Darcy started like a whirlwind and had Joe breaking ground for a short time. Dundee, however,

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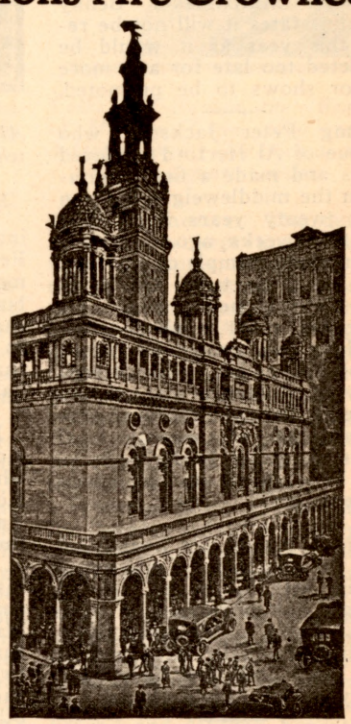

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after getting his bearings evened up the inning and continued his aggressive attack in the next round. Twice Darcy fell without being hit, and the second time refused to continue. The Boxing Commissioners have refused to pay Darcy his end of the purse and he probably will be barred from further fights in this city.

Knockout George Chaney, who has been prohibited to appear in any more bouts in Philadelphia has turned his attention toward California. Manager Sammy Harris is in receipt of offers from Pacific Coast promoters who want George to show his wares, but Sammy doesn't want to accept unless his other boys also will be given work.

The Southern Athletic Club, Inc., with Sam Harris, George H. Chaney and Albert Buchta named as the incorporators, has been organized and Harris expects to stage several shows here during the winter months. Chaney probably will appear in the main bouts.

Word has trickled into Baltimore that the "Al Schumacher" who used to have quite a following in this city is now practising in Kansas City and that he is now known by his right name, Dr. S. A. Scimeca. Schumacher paid his way through the University of Maryland from the money he earned in the ring, and deserves all the success that is now his. During his college life Al met Benny Leonard, Ritchie Mitchell, Leach Cross and Harry Stone besides other lesser lights, and always gave a good account of himself.

The Arena of the Maryland A. C. just outside the district limits, was totally destroyed by fire less than two weeks after the first show was held there on Sept. 17. Matchmaker Benny Franklin states it will not be rebuilt this year as it would be completed too late for any more outdoor shows to be promoted.

Young Peter Jackson, who was one of Al Herford's colored boxers and made a fine reputation in the middleweight division about twenty years back died here two weeks ago. Jackson was another example of the easy come, easy go type. He made some little money during his career but spent it all showing his admirers a good time. When he died he was broke and friendless without even a place to lay his head. Benny Franklin, genial manager of several local boxers, is going to have Jackson's body taken up and given a decent burial.

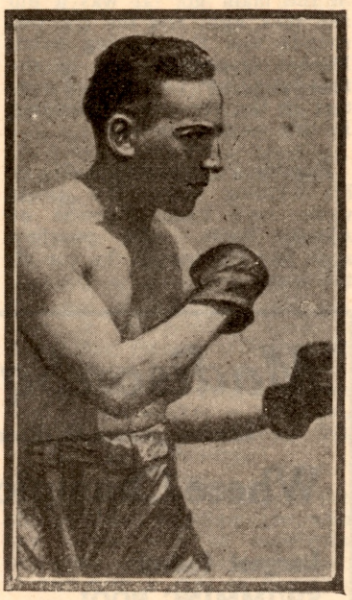
Artie McCann, 128 pound lad from Philadelphia, is making a hit here with his clever style of milling. Baltimore used to have several classy preliminary boys, but they gradually have passed from view and new faces are rapidly taking their places.

After the coming election to select a new governor for Maryland it is likely that several changes will take place in the Boxing Commission. It has been rumored that Fred Schanberger, due to pressure of business, is about to resign. W. I. Freeburger was recently appointed to succeed the late Wm. P. Flynn and should Schanberger quit only Chairman Latrobe Cogswell of the original commission will remain in office.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By EDDIE McFARLAND

The winter season got off to a good start despite the fact that the windup for the opening show came to a sudden ending when Mickey Delmont fouled Tommy Murphy in the ninth round although Mickey had not won a round up to that time. The blow was unintentional.

New Jersey has a new lightweight champion in the person of Danny Cooney of Robling. Danny won the so called title when he bested Willey Herman here. Several days later he traveled to Pottsville to hand a trimming to Pedro Campo for the second time.



Al Felder, diminutive flyweight, who formerly fought under the name of Midget Griffo

THE RING was sold at the opening show and at intermission. Few fans left their seats as most of them had their noses buried in THE RING, even during the windup some were prompted to take a peak despite the fact that the windup was of the hair-raising variety.

Micky Mooney added two more victims to his growing list when he knocked out Ernie Kolher in five rounds at Perth Amboy and Jimmy O'Connell of the Pacific Coast in four rounds at Easton, Pa. Micky has proven his metel and should be given a chance at some of the big ones. Micky has beaten Joe Reno three times and Mike Arra twice. Danny Cooney, Young Jack Dempsey and a host of other good boys as his victims.

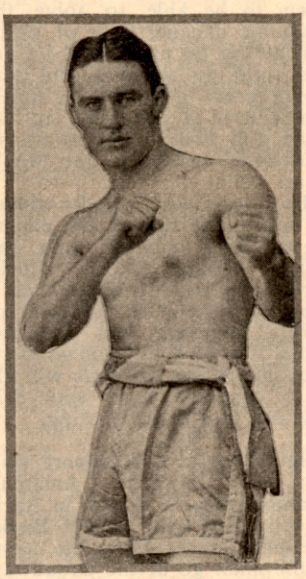
Billy Gibson's bantam hopes got a severe set back when Tommy Murphy handed a trimming to Pal Moore at the local arena. Pal tried every trick with hopes of snaring the decision from the brow of his youthful antagonist, but they were of no avail against the flashy Thomas. While there were no knock downs, it was a great scrap and the customers left the arena wreathed in smiles.

Joe Reno stable mate of Young Cooney, fought his old rival, Joe Tiplitz, in Trenton. Joe fared a little better getting a draw in the majority of the newspapers.

The fans proved that their hearts were in the right place when a collection was taken up for the victims of the Japanese disaster and several hundred were realized.

FISTIC NOTES FROM THE SOUTHLAND
By MAL McGILVERY

Phew! It's been hot and many of the bigger bouts have been hotter!



Tommy Loughran of Philadelphia who just won a referee's verdict over Harry Greb at Boston, but came in over the middleweight limit, and lost the opportunity of being crowned champion

Mel Coogan made the long trip to New Orleans some weeks ago and lost the decision to Bazile Galiano, Louisiana pride and joy in the lightweight division. Joe Woodman let out a squawk that could have been heard in New York and the aforesaid squawk resulted in Joe and his charge getting a second chance at the Italian in New Orleans. The decision, a draw was bad in the extreme, as Coogan hit the local celebrity with everything but the nails that hold the ring floor together, and certainly deserved a wide margin. And that's that!

Tommy Freeman, the Hot Springs, Ark., welterweight who has at least gotten into his stride and his brace of wins over Dude Martinez and Grady Franklin, both recorded in New Orleans have put the Arkansas fighter in the real money class. In his former showings in the Pelican state, Freeman failed to deliver the goods, but recently he has been traveling like the well known house afire and with Bob Sangster, his uncle manager—and an old timer himself with the dukes—the future looks brilliant to a degree. Tommy's latest victim, the well known Johnny Tillman, of St. Paul was the straw that proves Freeman to be destined for greater things in the mitt game.

Johnny McCoy, the Cleveland, O., bantam came through like a little champion against Delos Williams in the latter's home town, Shreveport, last month and although the Skeeter failed to stop the localite, he showered so many gloves on Delos that the latter must have figured Spauldings had turned loose on him. This was the acid test for Williams who had previously been forced to concede weight to opponents. Both boys were under weight at scaling time six hours before the battle, so that Williams had no kick coming. He is unquestionably far from ready for the Big Top yet awhile. Provided Delos gives more attention to the scientific end of the game and forgets much of the slugging tactics pursued without tangible results, he will mount the ladder, but he must concentrate.

Pascal Colletti, New Orleans bantam has done much to hurt the grand old game of boxing in Louisiana through fouls committed in the ring. Against Johnny McCoy of Cleveland, at Shreveport recently, the Southerner not content with taking a terrific licking, fouled so often that the referee, Ken Weeks, loathe to stop proceedings, had to use the powers vested in him and disqualify the transgressor.

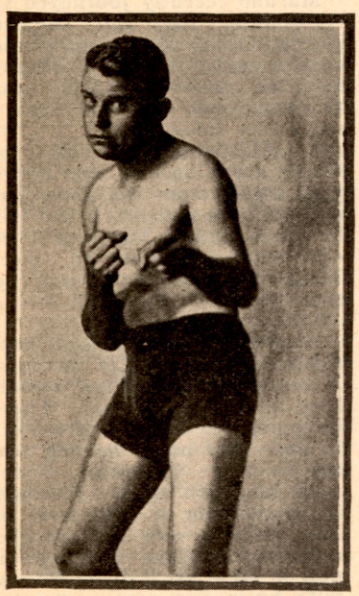
Harry Krohn, Akron, O., middleweight who came to the Southland some three years ago and mopped up in Dallas, Tex., returned to New Orleans from Havana recently and jumped through to Monroe, La., knocking out Jack Burke in jig time. Following that match, he was given a chance to display his fistic wares against Young Marullo, New Orleans, at Alexandria, but for reasons unknown to him, he fell by the wayside, and entered the ring untrained. Marullo knocked the Akronite out inside two rounds and boosted his stock at the expense of the better known man. Harold Walsh, his live-wire manager who had returned to Akron to attend to business was sick when he heard of Krohn's failure to live up to his past reputation and it looks at this writing that all the time expended by Walsh has gone for naught. Many matches in the making have been automatically thrown in the discard. More's the pity!

Harry Foley, originally of the Pacific Coast, and later a member of Eddie Barnsback stable at Hot Springs, Ark., has gone under the managerial wing of

Mike Gibbons at St. Paul and will be ready for active work before these notes appear in cold type. Than Foley, there is perhaps no more popular light-heavy in the South at this time and although he has been meeting with fistic disaster of late, his new boss can be depended upon to stage such a change of style in the big fellow that fans will welcome him when he again ducks between the hempen cords.

Jeff Smith the Bayonne light-heavy won from Chuck Wiggins, Minneapolis Oct. 1, at New Orleans but it must be confessed that the showing by the pair was slow to a large extent. Smith is a big favorite in the Southland and with his manager, Al Lippe, had a rousing welcome from the railbirds. Jeff broke bones in both hands during the session, according to Lippe and will be out of the game for a few weeks, while the digits mend. They boxed to a big house.

Pete Herman, former world bantam champion, is now the



Sailor Ritchie, Welter Champion of the United States Naval Operating Base, who is mowing down all opposition.

owner of a stable that will carry the Herman banner in many bouts this season. Jimmy King, middleweight who is being banked on by Pete to do big things in the squared ring, is being carried along carefully by the old champion and in the event that Jimmy makes good, Herman may take him to the Big Top at the Gardens. Herman who suffered the loss of his eyesight for a while will never wholly see again, but he can distinguish between light and darkness and occasionally but dimly recognize faces. Then Pete, there was never a more popular champion with his Southern folks and now that he has taken a dive into the game again, he will always be welcome by those who followed his career with such interest.

Jack Dillon, the old time warrior from Indianapolis, a shell of his former self, took the count against Joe Dugan, a new find from New Orleans at Alexandria, La., Sept. 25th. It seems a pity that Dillon, one of the greatest of his day, should have to accept bouts at this time; he is through as a fighter, although the old name draws them in at the gate. Jack failed to salt away any of the money he made in his heydey and now that he's through, some thing should be done to make easier his declining years. This Dugan is a kid in years but under the management of Willie Sehert, (Happy Littleton's former mentor) he should amount to something before much more water passes under the bridges.

NEBRASKA BOXING NOTES

By JIMMY FARHAT

Morrie Schlaifer, Omaha's fighting fool, is working hard for his coming fight Oct. 8th with Billy Wells, English welter champion. Schlaifer will be in the best shape of his career. Wells, who has not forgotten the last fight here when he lost the decision is confident that he will be able to stop Schlaifer this time. A record crowd is expected.

Jack Lewis, manager of Tiny Herman has received an offer for his charge from Minneapolis promoters who want to use Herman against Cliff Cramer or Homer Smith. Tiny arrived in Omaha a year ago and landed a six round preliminary against Soldier Jim Marples. He K. O.'d Marples in the fourth round. Local fans wanted to see more of him. Next came Farmer Lodge who was easily beaten by Herman. Lewis has a busy season mapped out for this 225-pound heavyweight at the end of which he expects to get a crack at Champion Jack Dempsey.

The first indoor boxing show of the season held at Omaha Sept. 20th drew an $8,000 gate.

Probably the most sensational featherweight turned out in this section of the country is Buddie (Paul) Chambers, formerly of Wichita, Kansas, now of this city. As a sample of the youngster's wares it is only necessary to recount the fact that Sept. the 10th down at El Dorado, Kansas, he knocked out Bobbie Smith in three rounds and the next night at Enid, Okla. he knocked out Frankie Fox of St. Louis in the same number of rounds. On Sept. 27th he decisively defeated Frankie Nurdin at Garber, Okla. This was the first time that Nurdin had even been beaten on his own soil. Chambers is no doubt a comer and is in line for the best boys in the division. A match between Chambers and Sammy Mandell is in the making for Chicago sometime in November. This fight should prove a thriller as both boys are fighting demons.

Jake Isaacson, Omaha's "Tex Rickard," is still on the job as promoter for the local Post of the American Legion. Mr. Isaacson has been successful in giving boxing fans the best shows ever put on in these parts.

Fighters of the Schlaifer and Chambers type are in big demand. These two boys are fan favorites because you are always sure to see a fight wherever they show.

Leo Shea, popular New York referee, is in Omaha at present having been selected as third man for the Schlaifer-Wells go.

A few months ago Bad News Murphy, a newsboy, was a big joke at the Business Men's gym. at this city. Bad News is now Johnnie O'Rielly, out to show the boys he can fight. Result: Bad News alias Johnnie O'Rielly has ceased to be a joke. Earl Puryear veteran bantam-weight star took him under his wing and has him going great. In his last two fights Bad News won easily. Now the wise boys are wondering. Better hide Benny, Bad News is a lightweight.

Ace Hodkins, Lincoln featherweight is coming along at a fast pace. This 19-year-old youngster looks like the real goods and with the proper management should develop into a serious featherweight contender.

Andy Schmader lightheavyweight champion of the U. S. Navy has announced his retirement from the ring. Schmader was considered a serious contender for the championship a few years ago, but, somehow, Andy began to slip. He went to Peoria, Ill., in 1922 to meet Tommy Gibbons and right there was his downfall. Gibbons K. O.'d. Schmader in one round. Next came Emil Engberg, practically an unknown, from Minneapolis and the result was the same as the Gibbons fight. Schmader decided to quit the ring following this defeat but was later persuaded by a number of his friends to re-enter and try it again. He did and last June he met Joe Stangl, a beginner, at Council Bluffs, Iowa. Stangl K. O.'d him in the second round. Andy has gone back home at Louisville, Nebr.

MONTREAL AND QUEBEC CITY BOXING NOTES

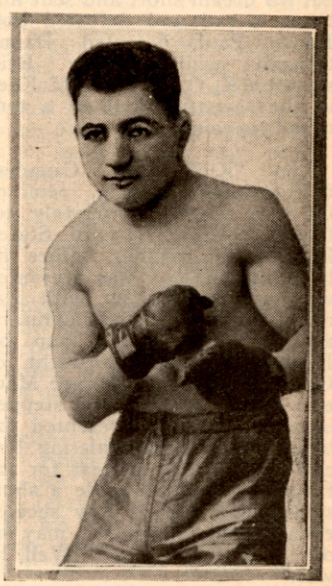
By MAXIE LEWIS

September was a great month for Montreal from a fistic point of view. Two ex-world's champions, one near world's champion and one Canadian champion showed their wares to the fans of our fair metropolis.

The first, Jack Johnson, former world's heavyweight champion, engaged "Battling Siki," former world's light-heavyweight champion, in a six round exhibition. As a boxing exhibition it was more or less of a comedy, but it seemed to convince the Montreal fans, at least, that Lil' Arthur was still there when it comes to cleverness. He tied the Senegalese into knots and seemed able to hit him when and where he pleased. Silas Green, local colored heavyweight, who, previous to the exhibition, challenged "Battling Siki" also engaged Johnson in a two-round exhibition bout. Another exhibition bout of four rounds that was pretty to watch and came in for a good round of applause was between Raymond and Diamont two bantam stablemates of Siki. What a swell vaudeville turn that would be.

The main bout was between Elzear Rioux local heavyweight hope and Jack Rivers of Boston. After two rounds of pushing, on the part of Rioux, and falling on Rivers' part, the bout was ordered stopped and declared no contest. Both fighters' purses were held and then given to the Japanese Relief Fund.

A near riot broke out at Quebec on Sept. 21 when the Quebec Commission ordered the ten-round bout between Jack McFarland of New York and Felix King of Berlin, N. H., stopped in the sixth round for alleged stalling. The fans present, numbering about one thousand, thought different and voiced their disapproval in no uncertain terms. Shouts of "Let the fight go on" were heard from all



Louis Kid Kaplan, the "Bearcat" of Meriden, Conn., who recently defeated Jimmy Goodrich at Madison Square Garden

over the theatre. The demonstration was kept up for about twenty minutes, when the promotor, Joe Montminy, took the situation in hand and climbed into the ring. After calling for silence, he asked the judges if they thought the fight should continue or not, and they answered: "We did not stop it." The same question was asked of the referee and his answer was the same as the judges.

Promoter Montminy then asked the "paying public" and they answered in a chorus of "Yes-es." The fight continued, not under the commission's jurisdiction. After the fight, the commission ordered the promoter not to pay the boxers, but their order fell on deaf ears. Let it be known that the commissioners, Messrs. Emond and Mullins, honest and worthy men, acted in good faith and in the interest of the public and were guided by their opin-

ions, and if they later might have realized that they had made a mistake, they stuck to their decision. Although the decision of the fight was left to the newspapers to decide, McFarland won by a slight margin, the newspapers calling the bout a draw, and commenting upon its being without a doubt the greatest fight seen in Quebec for many a day.

Luis Angel Firpo of the Argentine, the much heralded "Bull of the Pampas," took away with him two "grand" of good Canadian money for merely showing his bulk, in a four round exhibition, two with his sparring partner, Pera, and two with Elzear Rioux, local heavyweight. As a boxing exhibition it wasn't much but what Firpo did show was his ferocious look, especially when Rioux climbed into the ring wearing a red gym suit. The main "fight" of the evening was between Gene Ferrier of Woonsocket, R. I. Ferrier came here with a good reputation, and with a view in cleaning up all the local lightweights, but Newton cut his dream short and sent him home a sad and defeated boy. Eddie Paul defeated Danny Coogan while Jimmy Britt scored a K. O. over Joe McKeen in the seventh round of a ten-round opening bout.

Leo "Kid" Roy, Canadian featherweight champ, retained his title when he decisively defeated Frankie Daly of Staten Island in ten rounds. Before the bout started Roy was presented with a gold belt set with diamonds by his many admirers, also a silver loving cup by Pierre Beaybien, president of Cercle Ontremont. Mayor Mederic Martin of Montreal stepped into the ring and presented the belt to Roy, congratulating him and wishing him success for the future. Daly also made a short speech and wished Roy success even though he himself may be one of Roy's victims. "Well, he was."

Sammy Marco and Kid Cossette went at it in earnest for two rounds in the semi-final, when at the end of the second round Marco uncorked a vicious uppercut which landed below Cossette's belt, the latter winning on a foul. The best bout of the evening was between Gene Demers and Jimmy Knox, local junior featherweights, and resulted in a draw.

Jack Johnson and Battling Siki also did their stuff at Quebec and Sherbrooke, playing to jammed houses. At Quebec the main bout was between Kid Mitchell of Quebec, who knocked out "Sailor" Jones of Montreal in the fifth round. Ralph McNaughton, Quebec "Irish Flash," knocked out Kid Demers in the fifth round of the semi-final. McNaughton improves with every fight and will soon be stepping out with the best of the bantams. In fact, Montreal promoters are angling for a McNaughton-Mickey Delmont match for the near future.

Jack McFarland, New York welterweight, who is making Montreal his home, returned from Toronto, where he lost a close decision to Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo, a middleweight. McFarland made a big hit with the Queen City fans, and will be brought back in the near future. On the same card Young Mack, the newest sensation in the bantam division, fought a slashing ten-round draw with Bobby Boor, the Canadian bantam champion, who was presented with a gold belt by Mr. Roth Eaton, Toronto sportsman. A majority of the ringsiders, including the writer, were of the opinion that Young Mack should have been awarded the decision.

Benny Cohen of the Areno A. C. made the matches for the Firpo-Rioux, Johnson-Siki shows.

Solly Green, local lightweight, has already started real training for his proposed bout with Frankie Bull of Toronto for the Canadian lightweight title.

Joe Stanley, the Philadelphia featherweight, who has been quite a sensation in Canada through his long string of K. O. victories, is practically matched to fight Kid Roy in Montreal. Stanley is now under the management of Jack Rodgers of Boston.

Kid Lewis, the flashy Italian lightweight, will be quite a busy battler this fall. His manager, Raoul Godbout, has prepared quite a schedule for him. A match with Oscan Descha, for the provincial lightweight championship, is on the tapis.

UPPER NEW YORK STATE

By LEN CARLSON

On September 17, at Sharon, Pa., K. O. Johnny Michaels dished out a nifty pasting to Frankie Susnell in one of the ten-round bouts of an all-star show. Michaels dropped his opponent for the count of nine twice in the first session but was unable to finish his opponent, and the bout went the limit with Susnell being on the receiving end most of the time.

Johnny Vascher, the Wheeling junior middleweight, fought Billy Hursh of Canton to a rattling ten-round draw in the other half of the double wind-up. Vascher was shoved through the ropes in the fourth round and received a few minor injuries, but after a short rest continued the battle and finished on even terms. Harry Greb, middleweight champion, acted the third man in the ring in the last half of the double wind-up.

K. O. Johnny Michaels was booked to meet Curly Wilshur, Canadian featherweight champion, in the main go of the show which was to be held on October 3 at Montreal. The match, however, was put over until a later date by Matchmaker Benny Cohen. The putting over of the Wilshur match cost Michaels a match with Al Holzman in Sharon, Pa., which also was slated for October 3. Al Corbett of Cleveland was secured to take Michaels' place against Holzman.

Chief Halftown, Jamestown Seneca Indian boxer, put up a sensational boxing match at Erie, Pa., on Friday night, October 5th. Halftown fought Johnny Papke of Cleveland, a light heavyweight scaling around the neighborhood of 175 pounds, while the Seneca chief tipped the beam at but 158. The first round was a stormy one for the redskin, who kissed the canvas for the full count of nine and looked a beaten boxer if ever one did. Halftown, however, regained some of his strength during the minute's intermission between the first and second round and started out to pummel his heavier opponent all over the ring raining blow after blow upon Jimmy Dunn's heavyweight champion. The crowd in a great uproar and with every human being in the house cheering themselves hoarse for the American boxer as he dropped Papke for the count of nine three times in the fifth round. Papke managed to stay the limit only after continually hanging on to Halftown until the final gong. The Indian left the ring amidst a great roar of cheers while Papke was hissed by every man until he reached the dressing rooms. As a result of the fight, Halftown's stock went sky high with the Erie fans while Papke's standing dropped to the bottom.

The methods used by the promoters in Erie in the Halftown-Papke match also revealed some of the underhanded unsportsmanlike tactics being used by Fred Dailey, the promoter of the matches at the Erie Arena. The writer was an eye-witness at the weighing in, which was done at the city hall under the watchful eye of a city official. Matchmaker and Promoter Dailey did not put Halftown or Papke on the scales, claiming that the match was made at catchweights. At the ringside, however, the announcer gave the weights to the audience as that of Halftown as 158 and Papke as 156½ pounds. A great uproar went up from the fans who are familiar with Papke's weight and who looked easily twenty pounds heavier. Such unsportsmanlike announcements hurt the game and the city officials in Erie who are behind the game should look into the matter and see that other such things are not pulled off on visiting boxers in Erie who are not in the "click."

NEW ORLEANS SPORTING BULLETIN

By CLIFF ABBO

Tommy Freeman, Hot Springs welterweight, has about clinched his claim to the Southern welterweight championship when he recently disposed of Johnny Tillman of St. Paul in a fifteen-round bout here. Freeman has defeated every man the promoters have pitted against him in this section of the country, stopping the local Dude Martinez in eleven rounds and then sending Al Joachum to the canvas in thirteen sessions in his other start here, all within a month's time.

Jack Sangster, manager of Freeman, intends to fight two more fights in the South and then he will hie to the East and endeavor to show the Eastern welterweights a bit of his stuff.

Young Denny, the veteran local welterweight, is now in Hammond, Indiana, training for a comeback. He writes that he will return to New Orleans within a few weeks and endeavor to prove that he is still in the racket.

With the passing of Happy Littleton from the boxing game because of defective eyesight, the middleweight situation here is very muddled. Dude Martinez, Young Marullo, Jimmy King, Red Hill and Tom Littleton are the principal contenders.

Marullo recently journeyed to Alexandria, La., and stopped Harry Krohn of Akron, O., in two rounds. It took Happy Littleton twelve rounds to stop this same man two years ago.

Tom Littleton is a brother of Happy Littleton and after a two year layoff from the game has decided on a comeback and will be pitted against Martinez in an elimination contest to meet Tommy Freeman in the near future.

Al Pettingill, flyweight contender, is to meet Kid Carlin in a return event of ten rounds here in the near future. These boys presented such a great mill in their only other meeting that the fans are clamoring to see them in action again. Pettingill is wanted for a bout over in San Antonio with Kid Pancho, according to John Cox, who is now in New York doing Pettingill's business.

Charlie Feraci, junior lightweight of New Orleans, is in New York with his manager, Adam Serpas, and expects to get started against Joey Glick of Brooklyn in Flatbush sometime soon. Serpas writes that among the other New Orleans battlers in Gotham at present are: Pal Moran, Joe Matranga, Mike Russo, Joe Russo, Erbie Moak and Red Watson.

Martin Burke, local light heavyweight, met Bob Martin in a fifteen round bout here on October 8th. It was the first appearance of Burke here under the management of Jimmy Dunn of Cleveland and Dunn now has his battler pointed for a bout with Harry Greb in New York. Martin stopped Burke in their last meeting here in 1921

Bob Martin got a guarantee of $2,000 with a privilege of one-third of the house to meet Burke here and Burke received a straight percentage of one-third of the house.

Pete Herman, former bantamweight champion, has opened a classy cabaret called the "Ringside," with Charlie Graffagnini, former local wrestler, as his partner. The place is one of beauty and a credit to the little champion.

Herman is also managing a stable of boxers, having Jimmy King, Louis Martin and a couple of other fighters under his wing.

Al Wambsgans, local referee, is also professor of boxing at the Gymnastic Club. Joe Martin and Joe McClymon are the other referees here. Martin and McClymon are both from New Jersey and have been showing real class as third men in the ring. Another addition to the local referee colony is Red Dolan, former lightweight boxer.

Joe Mandot, former well known lightweight, has returned from his father's farm at Alton, La., and reports that his eyesight is almost normal again. He has discarded his glasses and can read signs at a distance of twenty feet.

Happy Littleton was recently offered $500 to box an exhibition in Alexandria, La., but turned it down on account of his eye. One of his optics has quit functioning entirely, and Happy is trying to guard the sight in the other one. He says it is more precious to him than money.

The veteran Giant Killer, Jack Dillon, has been barnstorming in this section and was recently defeated by Joe Dugan, protege of Willie Sehrt, who developed and managed Happy Littleton.

Boxing here is beginning to pick up again with the winter season setting in and several high class attractions have been lined up by the promoters.

The houses are averaging better than $3,000, with the recent Coogan-Galiano mill going close to $7,000.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP
By COLMAN J. NEE

This section of the country is still "up and doing" in the line of things pugilistic as is evidenced by the steady stream of fans that hie themselves to the various clubs in this section. The attractive cards that are offered and the competition between the various matchmakers to book only the best talent have stimulated interest in the sport.

An idea of the interest in boxing in Boston alone may be gleaned from the fact that five attractions in ten days netted the clubs a sum of $50,600. The Kelly-McCarthy scrap drew $15,100, Villa and Thomas $16,000, Ward and Shevlin $10,000, Chaney and Chapman $6,500 and an all-star show between local boys $3,000, which certainly indicates a healthy interest.

The Kelly-McCarthy bout, which had been hanging fire for months, drew a capacity house but as a contest it didn't set this part of the world on fire, although the boys were trying all the time. Kelly, with a little more experience, will make them all hustle to win.

The Villa-Thomas bout was just another case of sending a boy with very little experience against a champion. Thomas, who was making his first appearance in Boston in a main bout, was hopelessly outclassed and stayed the limit by hanging on. Villa, a great favorite locally, packs them in regardless of who his opponent may be.

There are more claimants of New England titles in this section than there are Sundays in the year Almost every other contest in this city between local boys is for some title or other. It's about time that the powers that be put their foot down on this travesty.

Jimmy Amato White was the victim of a "Boston" decision in his bout with Jack Schoendorf, which he clearly won. When the decision was given his manager, Doc Bagley nearly fainted from the shock.

Wolf Larsen, who has been dubbed the greatest catcher in the boxing game by Boston sport writers, did a little pitching in his last two starts and won both by knockouts.

Sid Terriss, the former amateur champ, made his pro debut here by stopping the tough Frankie Ryan. Sid made a very good impression.

Walter Lee, the Denver boy who has been making his home here, defeated Wildman Gould here in his last start. Gould's antics had the crowd in an uproar as usual.

Battling McCreary, the colored light heavy, who surprised the talent by defeating Kid Norfolk here last fall, is in training for bouts his trainer, Alec McLean, has booked for him.

Johnny Sheppard, the Woburn boxer, claims all the bantams are ducking him. We can't blame them. He should box in the featherweight class where he belongs.

Eddie Polo, the Maine bantam, is in Boston seeking bouts. He will be accommodated.

Chick Suggs, the dusky Newport boxer, defeated Charley Manty for the New England featherweight title at New Bedford in a hard fought battle. He is now going after the best in his class.

Billy Murphy, the Lowell boy, continues on victory's trail. His last victim was Steve Adams, the Chicago boy now making his headquarters here.

Tony Julian, the Brockton strong boy, boxed a twelve-round draw with Willie Harmon at Portland and is booked for a return bout there soon.

Jimmy Manning, New England flyweight champ, is another Boston boy who is a great card in Maine rings. This youngster improves with each start.

Renault showed quite an improvement over his last Boston showing and will have to be reckoned with soon.

All the Massachusetts promoters have their ears to the ground to find out if the boxing commission will grant Battling Siki permission to box in this state. If the battler is given a clean bill of health he will be the recipient of many offers to exhibit in this section.

By the way the promoters in Boston have been going of late, booking bouts for practically every night of the week, they are in fair way to kill the goose of golden egg fame.

TOLEDO COLUMN

The Shea Brothers celebrated their tenth anniversary in the boxing game by staging the Red McDonald-Eddie Ketchell fight. This fight aroused the public, and the followers of both packed the Coliseum. Before the main go there were two preliminaries which were fast and snappy. The fight started with Red rushing, slashing and fighting into Eddie and before the first round ended the crowd was in an uproar. McDonald used the same tactics throughout the fight but Ketchell used his ring generalship to outsmart and make Red miss at every opportunity. At the end of the fight McDonald was awarded the verdict by a narrow margin.

LOS ANGELES NOTES
By GEORGE HUSSEY

Jack Dempsey arrived here a fortnight ago after his two-round battle with "The Wild Bull of the Pampas." The world's champion was met at the station by about three thousand friends. Jack looked none the worse for his efforts of taming the Wild Bull.

Johnny Reisler, the New York featherweight who made such a big hit out here with the fans because of his great style of milling, is having a tough time getting opponents. Johnny has fought about everything in his own class and has also taken on lightweights and welterweights. He has defeated some of the best boys in this vicinity. Reisler will soon leave the Coast for New York where he will be able to go over six rounds.

Ritchie Mitchell of Milwaukee, one time contender for the lightweight title, came out to the Coast recently and met with a defeat in his first attempt at the four-round game. Mitchell drew Phil Salvatore as an opponent and Phil hit him with everything but the Pacific Ocean. Mitchell had a hard time staying the four rounds.

Mitchell is not the only one of the Eastern boxers who are finding the four-round game rather hard. Midget Smith and Jack Sharkey, two crack New Yorkers, came here and are having a hard time of it. Sharkey met Georgie Marks, the former bantamweight champion of the Coast, and outweighed him about ten pounds. Marks easily won the decision, taking every round.

Smith was successful for a time. He met Young Farrell in his first bout here and was an easy victor. He then thought he had easy pickings, but met Eddie Macy in his second start and lost.

Joe Benjamin will be a busy boy the next few months. Joe, who is about the best lightweight on the Coast, will have a pretty hard time getting opponents. The only one out here now that can give Joe a battle is Phil Salvatore. His first bout will be at Vernon.

Jack Doyle, the dean of the promoters out here, has one of the best boxing arenas in the country. The club house is now at Vernon, Calif. It seats nearly 10,000 and Jack has been packing them in every since he opened it. In his last show, in which Bert Colima and Henry Melcar clashed, he turned away about 5,000 persons. Jack sure does know what the public wants.

Old Sam Langford was to have fought here recently but the police would not let him. Sam was scheduled to meet some young heavyweight at one of the local clubs but the police interfered. Sam immediately boarded a train and left for parts unknown.

Moose Taussig, the pride of San Francisco managers, has run out of customers for his boy, Jerry Monohan. Jerry has won his last seven battles, all of the fights since his arrival in this country from Manila. Monohan was champion of his class on the island.

Much credit is given to Joe Lilliard and Tom Doyle for the way the Tuesday night fight was handled at Jack Doyle's new Coliseum out Vernon way. They are two hustlers who know their stuff.

Wad Wadhams, the matchmaker, is due for a lot of credit in his match making. He puts on only the best of shows.

TORONTO NOTES
By JACK JARVIS

On Sept. 12 Donnie (Young) Mack and Frankie Bull, Canadian lightweight champion, journeyed to Syracuse to do battle with Mike Cleary and Kid Blair, respectively. Mack made a great impression with the fans with his aggressive style of battling. He knocked out Cleary in the second round with a smashing punch to the jaw. Mack hit Cleary so hard that he spoke "broken English" for a considerable time after the bout.

Frankie Bull was again called on to go to Syracuse on short notice to do battle with rugged, hard hitting Chubby Brown. Brown came in at 146 pounds, while Bull tipped the Toledos at 138. Brown entered the ring a red hot favorite, but lion-hearted Frankie upset the dope, and gave the Rochester boy one sweet pasting in the eighth round. Frankie shot a right cross that completely closed Brown's left eye, and his features were badly bruised and battered at the end of the battle. If the fight had gone one more round, Chubby would have surely "smelt the resin" for the ten count, as he was dazed and tottering and practically out on his feet when the final gong rang out, ending one of the most spectacular battles seen in a Syracuse ring.

Kid Roy and Curly Wiltshire fought for premier featherweight honors at the Mutual St. Arena on Sept. 21st. Wiltshire was given the decision after both judges disagreed. Many good judges thought that Roy should have had a draw, while other critics say that he didn't do himself justice coming in at 124 pounds, two below his real fighting weight. There will be plenty of Roy money if the two meet again. Each has a win to his credit.

Soldier Jones will shortly leave for Havana, where he is to exchange wallops with Jack Renault. Jones is a vastly improved fighter since his European trip and he may "take" Leo Flynn's star heavy-weight in quick time, if his "Mary-Ann" connects.

A good, fast, hard hitting Welsh middleweight has just arrived from the "Old Sod" and brings with him an impressive record. He has defeated some of Europe's best fighters, and has knockouts over Sapper O'Neil, Ben Callicot, Charlie Thomas, Kid Plested and fighters of that class. Dai Lewis is this person's name and when "Dai" gets acclimatized, middleweight contenders will have to sit up and take notice.

Jack Corcoran and Eddie Rudd of the Queensbury A. C. are having quite a time finding a suitable opponent for Jimmy Slattery, the dashing Buffalo fighter. Moe Hercovitch was to have met the Bison City fighter, but broke his hand while training. Felix King and other good leather pushers were sought, but Slattery's name chas d them to cover.

Scotty McEwen, former well-known bantam, is back in the game. This time he has joined hands with Jack Jarvis, and is helping to control a large stable of Canadian stars, under their management.

A recent addition to their already strong stable is Roy Pollard, former amateur champion, who is turning pro. Roy is a good, willing boy, a hard puncher and should make the boys in the featherweight class hustle to beat him. Pollard will go a long way when he has had a couple of fights under his belt.

Frankie Bull and Young Mack are getting plenty of work these days. Their pleasing, aggressive style of boxing makes a hit with the fans, and wherever they appear they are always welcomed back. Bull has boxed in Montreal three times in five weeks. On his last visit he decisively licked George Girardin and drew a record house. He boxed in Syracuse two successive weeks.

Curly Wilshire and Joey Fox, a former English champion, headed the show of the International A. C. on the 12th.

There was a big crowd on hand to witness the battle between Young Mack and Bobby Eber for the Canadian championship. Eber was favored to win on the strength of his recent victories over Irish Johnny Curtin and Midget Smith. The decision was a draw. How the officials came to this decision is hard to fathom, as one judge gave the decision to Mack by five points, and the other judge marked his card a draw.

As it stood, Mack should have been declared the winner, but the announcer for some strange reason took both judges' slips over to the referee, who marked his card draw. Majority of fans thought the gallant little challenger had just about made it, as his aggressiveness the last five rounds overshadowed the champion's slight lead the first half of the battle. Anyway, it was a good, hard battle, and when they fight their return bout promoters can look for a packed house.

Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo won with something to spare from Jack McFarland. Slattery's height and reach was too much for the stocky, aggressive New Yorker and he got the judges' decision.

Dai Lewis easily beat Jack Meech, and Tommy Mitchell defeated Harry White in a close battle. The card was one of the best seen here for many a day, as there was plenty of action in every bout.

CONNECTICUT NOTES
By FRANKLYN J. ADAMS
Sports Editor
Meriden Morning Record

The outdoor season in boxing, which helped while away some of the hot summer nights, has started to seek indoor quarters for the cold weather that is yet to come. The Nutmeg A. C. of New Haven nailed a barrier across its entrances September 24 while all through the state the same move is being made. Winter boxing in the Nutmeg State should be a successful one with the promotres planning for activities within the magic realm of swat.

The surprise of the month was the defeat handed out to Eddie (Kid) Wagner of Philadelphia by Mickey Travers at the Nutmeg A. C. of New Haven September 10. Travers was slow in getting started but when he did —hot, diggedy dog, but he tore into the Philadelphian. This turnover in the boxing game was entirely unexpected, as everyone figured Wagner as the winner, due to his recent defeat of Johnny Dundee, featherweight champion, at Philadelphia. But Travers is coming along finely and in his last few bouts has shown marked improvement. Wagner was obtained as Travers' opponent, by the way, when all attempts to secure a return bout with Louis (Kid) Kaplan of Meriden proved fruitless.

Young Leonard, the blonde-haired Sheik of Wallingford, lost a tough decision to Chic Brown at the Nutmeg A. C. of New Haven September 24. Leonard clearly outpointed Brown most of the way, winning four rounds and breaking even in six, while Brown won only two. Slants from the press-box give us to understand that the Wallingford fighter deserved the title and even some of Brown's supporters were disgusted at the outcome. That is saying a lot, as the fans who support Chic in New Haven are practically of the opinion that their boy is unbeatable. If they meet again the bout will be staged somewheres else—not at the Nutmeg A. C.

Ed Keely, Bridgeport southpaw heavyweight, walloped the "daylights" out of Mike Conroy at Rochester, N. Y., recently. Keely substituted for Jack Renault, the Canadian "mounted cop," and did just as much as the Canadian probably would have done.

Hartford is watching the doin's of Mike Morley with interest, due to the fact that Mike can call Hartford his home any time and will not draw the anger of the fight fans of the Insurance City. Morley is under the management of Tom Stanley of New York and the latter promises some feature bouts for the winter months.

Mickey Travers of New Haven, now that he has defeated Eddie (Kid) Wagner, is said to be on the trail of Andy Chaney of Baltimore and Louis (Kid) Kaplan of Meriden. Chaney, however, has never regained the form he knew up to the time he met the Meriden battler and only recently he lost out to Red Chapman of Dorchester at the Mechanics building, Boston. A Travers-Chaney card would draw well in New Haven at the Nutmeg A. C. but only there.

Charley Pilkington, the Meriden "Flash," is bringing around his brother, Jackie, to be quite a little battler. Jackie is of the immature age yet, scaling around 14 birthdays in years, but handles himself capably.

Joe Swedock, incidentally, is making a name for himself in handling amateur fighters and his charges are always in demand at different smokers and outings. In addition to Jackie Pilkington, Joe has Kid Fitzyoung, Kid Gade, Young Guloo and Sebastian Guloo, all well known in the Nutmeg amateur ranks. While Joe isn't managing his "simon pures" he is selling papers at the corner of Main and Crown streets, Meriden, or going to high school.

A legion of fighters drew suspensions from the Connecticut Boxing Commission recently for not filing their pictures with the board. As far as known the majority of the battlers came through in short order with their photographs and everything was all right for them. The ones suspended are as follows: Johnny Corbett, Chicopee Falls, Mass.; Jimmy Broto, New Haven; Eddie (Kid) Wagner, Philadelphia, Pa.; Sammy Leonard, Fitchburg, Mass.; George Shade, New York; Babe Herman, Freeport, L. I.; Dave Medar, New York; Jack Douglas, Bridgeport; Freddie Jacks, Brooklyn; Nate Pendleton, New York; Frankie Genaro, New York; Bobby Kelley, Waterbury; Collie Pines, Mount Carmel; Max Marvnick, Meriden; Harry Williams, New Haven; Harry (Kid) Mongeuse, New Haven; Billy Gibson, New Haven; Louis (Kid) Kaplan, Meriden; Young Luby, Bridgeport; Eddie Corbett, Hartford; Jack (Kid) Moore, Stamford; Johnnie Nelson, Stamford; Frankie Cavanaugh, Fairfield; Tracey Ferguson, Wallingford; Johnny Shugrue, Waterbury; Jim Bones, Bridgeport; Spike Marino, New Haven; "One Punch" Pouff, Meriden; Georgie Connolly, Bridgeport; Artie O'Leary, Bridgeport; Jack Delaney, Bridgeport; Mickey Travers, New Haven; Sam Lawson, Waterbury, and Patsy Marone, New Haven.

Young Leonard of Wallingford, who has been mentioned before, got back into the good graces of the state boxing daddies at last. His manager, the genial Bill Hickey, however, was not so lucky and is staying on the outside peering in.

The Shugrue brothers of Waterbury, Johnny and Willy, are very much in demand, not only in Connecticut but also in other fistic circles. Johnny met Sailor Byron of Worcester in the latter's home town on October 12.

Johnny Leonard of Allentown, Pa., scored a knockout over Red Cap Wilson at Norwalk September 24. The end came in the fifth of a 12-round bout and Wilson was forced to call off his part of the program due to a broken hand. Leonard had the better of the fight up to this time. Jimmy Bones of Bridgeport and Young Silverburg of Ansonia fought a 10-round draw in the semi-finals.

They are telling an interesting story about Bones these days, one perhaps well worth repeating. This tough little boy from Bridgeport has earned the reputation of being the "Nick Altrock of the ring," due to his

comedy during a bout. However, this does not mean that he can't fight or resorts to this to gain popularity with the fans. He has been coming along finely, has a host of friends wherever he goes and is a little drawing card all by himself. That he could hold Young Silverburg to a draw should be taken that he has ability, as the latter hung it all over Kid Lewis of Hartford this summer at Weiss Park, New Haven. And there was a time that Lewis had quite a reputation.

Paul Dietz, president of the Casino A. C. of Bridgeport, plans to run semi-monthly boxing shows at his auditorium this winter. He is now planning to stage his first in November and continue through until April.

Tracey Ferguson is evidently a descendant of the Minute Men of Lexington, for he can take a fight at short notice and win out with both hands down. The Wallingford scrapper under the management of Dennis McMahon was given a bout with Al Sears in Boston, September 24, at the Mechanics Building, Boston, and what he did to his opponent made a hit with the Boston fans. He knocked Sears down in the first and fourth rounds and taught him a lot about the game all the way through the 10 rounds. This is Ferguson's favorite trick—the taking of bouts at short notice, and Johnny Clinton, no novice in the game, will probably testify to the fact that Tracey can hit hard and often.

Al Festa, the Hartford fighter and erstwhile pet of the soda-drinking public of the Insurance City, is keeping in condition by playing football with the Hartford Crimsons, reputed as one of the best collections of gridders in the state. In the meantime Al is filled with a desire to meet someone within the hempen.

Johnny Shugrue of Waterbury became a boxing instructor September 27 and taught Johnny Darcy of New York a few things about the game the latter had either neglected to learn or was weak in. The bout was staged in Shugrue's home town at the new armory, under the loving care of George Mulligan, astute promoter of the Brass City. Quite a nice little turnout for the opening night and a good card to greet the fans furnished by Mulligan.

Willie Shugrue lost on a foul to Young Silberburg of Ansonia in the fifth round. Brother Willie hit below the belt accidentally and the foul came when he was well in the lead. "Scoops" White, formerly of Worcester, Mass., but now making his home in Waterbury, made a good showing against Young Angelo of Stamford and rightfully earned the decision.

Jack Johnson, former heavyweight champion, appeared in a four-round exhibition bout with Philadelphia Jack Ward and looked pretty good for a veteran. The fans liked him anyway and his exhibition of scientific boxing pleased all.

Louis (Kid) Kaplan of Meriden, after a layoff since his bout with Tommy Noble at the New York Velodrome, signed up for a bout with Jimmy Goodrich of Buffalo at Madison Square Garden September 28 and won the bout. Kaplan put in a few days of training in Meriden and then hiked to New York where he went through his paces at Stillman's gymn.

When the news was received that Kaplan defeated Jimmy Goodrich there was a general expression of joy. The most magnetic words in Meriden are "Kaplan won again" and by the way the Silver City Cyclone is going there is going to be plenty of more chances to mouth this quotation. The two newspapers of the city did not carry bulletin round by round but they received word almost as soon as the fight was over. The morning newspaper, The Record, received a steady stream of telephone calls from 9:30 until early in the morning while everywheres the fight fans gather there was a crowd on hand. And perhaps he didn't get an ovation on his arrival home!

BOXING BITS FROM SOUTHWEST

By DON CEE

Every passable good boxer who lives in Texas and the states bordering on the Lone Star State, is claiming the championship in his respective weight division of the southwest; s'all wrong as it would be impossible to say which is the best unless an elimination contest were run off. It would be a very good idea for the Southwestern promoters to get together and match boys from their home and sister states back and forth until it could be determined which fighters stand at the head of their division. Such eliminations would prove interesting in the extreme to Southwest fight fans, as every boxer making his home in the Southwest has a host of friends and followers who will back them with the bank roll.

Texas is crowded with good lightweights and featherweights. Probably those heading the list as stellar performers are, Dal Hawkins, lightweight; Jack Fowler and Mike Vasquez, junior lightweights, Frankie McFarland and Rabbit Palmer, featherweights; Dandy Dick Griffin, seems to still head the bantams along with Dale Hill, while Kid Pancho, of San Antonio, is in a class by himself as a Flyweight and is ready for Pancho Villa right now. It would be a pretty sight to see the too diminutive Pancho's mixing it. Kid Pancho, is a Spanish lad and Pancho Villa a Filipino, both of a fiery nervous temperament and both ready willing mixers.

Here is a prediction coming from the sticks, but it is our idea, that should Champion Villa and Kid Pancho of Texas, ever meet in a championship fight within the next twelve months, the Spanish population of the Southwest will hold just such a celebration after the fight, as the Argentinians intended to, after the Dempsey-Firpo fracas.

Jack Fowler, San Antonio junior lightweight, proved his mettle in Shreveport, Louisiana, on September 4, when he made Tony Caponi resort to foul tactics in order to be disqualified instead of being knocked out in the 8th of a scheduled 15-round bout.

Caponi hit the Texas boy low in the seventh and was cautioned by the referee. In the eighth, however, after being cautioned five times for hitting low, Caponi placed a final foul blow so low and hard, that Fowler was knocked to his knee and the referee disqualified Caponi. Fowler did not claim a foul and wanted to continue the fight, and win the decision in a more decisive manner, but the referee said, "Nay, you have won the fight, go to your corner."

The Kid Pancho-Gene Larue, series of the flyweight league in Texas is finally at an end with the ultimate winner still in doubt to our way of thinking. The boys fought three times, with all three fights scheduled for twelve rounds, but they never fought twelve rounds altogether in the three battles, although there was as much action displayed in each fight as there was in the Dempsey-Firpo clash. The first fight was in favor of Larue up until the third round when he missed a vicious swing at Pancho and dove through the ropes on his medula knocking himself out for a period of thirty minutes. They were rematched for the following show.

Second fight — Both boys rammed into each other for three rounds intent on murder. It was an open air show and started raining at the beginning of the bout. In the first half of the third round after having battled even, both boys simultaneously started a punch at the other's chin. Low and behold, both punches landed simultaneously on both boys' chins and it was a double knockout. It can be said for Larue, that he was the quickest to recover and made an effort to get up at the count of seven, but his knees buckled under him and he fell back down. While Larue was trying to get up, Pancho was still dreaming of the little angels with boxing gloves on.

Third fight—following show. Pancho, had the edge on Larue up till the third round again, when he clipped Larue on the chin and sent him to the canvas and while Larue was coming up again, Pancho slid in like a flash and sent a hook into Larue some place from the chin down. Larue, fell in apparent agony and claimed a foul, but the referee paid no attention to the claim and proceeded to count ten over the prostrate body of Larue, then rushed across the ring to Pancho's corner and held up the Spanish boy's hand. After the boys took their corners. Larue displayed a battered abdomen supporter and claimed it was new when he put it on. Some fans were varied as to where the punch landed, so to settle the question in doubt, the boys should be rematched at some other club and perhaps they can get over the third round jinx.

San Antonio boxing fans paid over eight thousand dollars to see the two flyweights fight it out in three fights covering a period of five weeks. That fact alone should make it encouraging for boxers to drift down Texas way.

Rabbit Palmer, the fiery little featherweight of Ft. Sam Houston, Texas, recently fought a draw with Dummy Mehan of Ft. Clark, Texas for the San Antonio Elks society boxing show. Mehan is a tough rugged lightweight scaling in the neighborhood of 135 pounds, but the fighting little Rabbit who has cut many another good lightweight down to his size, showed the Dummy many, many points about the boxing game, that the Dummy will have to learn before he advances any farther in his chosen profession. The judges seemed to be swayed by sympathy for Mehans affliction of being deaf and dumb, therefore gave him a draw, but the popular opinion was that Palmer won the fight a mile.

The Elks shows have been featured by the middle of the road type of judges who award decisions to the boxers and in the past have made some wrong decisions. When in doubt or their sympathies are swayed by the loser, they call the bout a draw, which is an injustice to the boy who works so hard to please the patrons and win personal fame.

Jack Willis the welterweight boxer of Texas, who mushroomed into a main bout fighter over night awhile back has decided that he will educate his mind as well as his hands and has enrolled in the Rice Institute, a college for young men at Houston, Texas.

Steve Welsh, better known as the Arizona Kid, is back in Texas for a visit, after enjoying a lucrative sojourn on the West Coast. Arizona took part in eleven fights while on the coast meeting such well known boys as Jack Russo, Young Joe Rivers, Frankie Dillon, Freddie Brewer and Joe Brown, former lightweight champion of Mexico. Steve claims he lost but two of his bouts on the coast and he intends going back after taking a fling at the twenty round game down in Mexico City.

Arizona is on the trail of Tommy White, present holder of the Mexico lightweight chapionship, and claims he will be the new Mexico champ if they ever meet again. The boys have met on two occasions before. Arizona Kid is the Nick Altrock of the prize ring, as he was born and raised on a circus lot and knows how to turn flips and do other stunts, which proves very amusing to the boxing fans when he does his stuff between rounds and after his bout is over. Arizona's clowning tactics are always good for a return match, because he keeps his audience always in a high state of excitement and mirth, one cannot imagine what his next stunt will be while he is in the ring.

Walter H. Hamby, athletic director of Kelly Field, has many stellar boxing attractions in store for San Antonio fans during the coming season and announces that he will show some of the country's best boxers before the Kelly Field Athletic club shows.

Don Curley, ex-sensational lightweight boxer of the Middlewest and an athletic director in the army during the late World War, has been appointed as boxing instructor of Kelly Field and matchmaker for the new Kelly Field Athletic club, which will sponsor large boxing attractions in San Antonio, Texas, and on the Kelly Field Aero Depot Army Reservation in close proximity to San Antonio. Pro. Curley has started elimination contests among the Kelly Field Flyers to determine who will be qualified to represent Kelly Field in the next army Olympic meet. The officers and enlisted personnel of the Kelly Field Depot are of the highest type of sportsmen and have turned to the developing of representative boxing champions in their respective squadrons with a gusto that bids fair to turn out several boys of real championship calibre.

Jack Shelton, who showed the three Kid Pancho-Gene Larue attractions on his Soledad Roof Arena during the months of August and September, stated that the two flyweights drew more money at his gate than any other three consecutive boxing shows he has held during the past four years he has been promoting fistic events in the Alamo City. Shelton announces that he has secured a new indoor arena for the winter months, his indoor arena of previous years having been sold to a religious society that does not approve of boxing and will not let their hall be used for the staging of boxing shows.

With the Kelly Field A. C. and Jack Shelton running, there will be two boxing clubs operating in San Antonio, Texas, during the winter months, so boxers anxious for work and wanting to keep out of the cold weather up north can be assured of finding work by dropping down into Texas, where they can also be booked for fights into Mexico.

Genial Phill (Doc.) Prichard, who is promoting fight shows in West Palm Beach, Florida during the winter months, claims they have the championship good climate down there and invites the boxers contemplating a trip south during the winter to pay a visit down in Florida. Phill says there will be plenty of cocoanuts down there this winter. We take it, that he means money when he says cocoanuts. Phill ran off some mighty high class bouts last year and can be expected to do the same this season.

Frankie McFarland, one of the leading featherweights of the country, recently returned from the East to his home in San Antonio, Texas, after meeting many of the good Eastern boys, has placed himself under the direction of Don Curley, who will find plenty of work for his charge. McFarland, plowed through the Mexico City lightweights and welters on his last trip into the land of Chili and registered two wins, knocked out tough Jimmy Dundee and gave Sam Rico eighteen pounds in weight and a grand lacing in a twenty round bout. If Mac can knockout and beat welterweights, we wonder what he will do to some of the boys his own weight at 125 pounds.

Major Von Kessler, of Ft. Sam Houston, who referees the Elks Society night boxing shows in San Antonio, is a real dyed in the wool fight fan and enjoys his post as third man in the ring more than he enjoys a good banquet. The Major puts out a good job of refereeing and works harder than the opposing boxers while he is in the ring.

IOWA-NEBRASKA BOXING NOTES
By DON FAIR

Boxing in Omaha is enjoying a prosperous season. Several good shows have been staged before large audiences. Firpo and Homer Smith drew a record crowd, as did "Tiny" Tim Herman and Jack Renault, Leo Flynn's crack heavyweight.

Council Bluffs, the metropolis of western Iowa, is staging monthly shows under the auspices of American Legion Rainbow Post No. 2. Lyle Smith is matchmaker for the club. Smith has given the Hawkeye fans two good shows in the past two months and is planning a third. It is hoped that Midget Smith, New York bantam, and Connie Curry, Sioux City's new 118 pound sensation, will be brought together. Fans are of the opinion that these two boys would put up a great battle.

Roscoe Hall, Iowa's lightweight champion, has been signed as boxing coach at the University of Iowa and has assumed his new duties there. Hall is a very good lightweight and has a good head so should take his student boxers along at a fast clip.

Jack Lewis, who manages the destinies of several good boys in and around Omaha, is lining up a busy indoor season for his proteges and will keep his stable hustling throughout the winter. Lewis has a likely looking heavy in "Tiny" Herman and although the big boy has had several setbacks he is not far enough along yet to really be sent to the has been class. Herman, with a little more experience, will be a hard one for any of the heavyweights to handle.

Morrie Schlaiffer, Omaha welter, still is on the trail of anyone who wants to fight and although Morrie takes many a beating he always gives the box office customers a run for the well known "Jack" and continues to draw packed houses whereever he boxes. Billy Uvick, former Cornhusker middleweight is acting as Schlaiffer's trainer and always has the fighting Hebrew in tip top shape.

Ted Gartin, welterweight who made such a great hit in the far west this summer is now making Omaha his headquarters and will soon be in shape to box any welter in the business. Gartin while not a finished boxer is a sweet puncher and is an even shot to win over any man whom he can hit.

Legion Posts throughout Iowa are running boxing shows with a fair degree of success. Davenport, Sioux City, Waterloo and Des Moines seem to have the call when it comes to the big attractions.

Ace Hudkins a youngster from Lincoln weighing about 128 pounds has all the earmarks of a coming champion and if the lad is properly handled and trained should develop into a dangerous contender in his class.

Among the old timers to be found around Omaha now are such great ones as Johnny Sudenburg, Guy Buckles, Buddy King, Kid Graves, former welter champion and Walter McCarthy. Many a gabfest in which they whip four and five good men in one evening ensues when these veterans get together.

Andy Schmader, former heavyweight contender has retired from the ring and will not don the mittens again. Schmader at one time was one of the best looking prospects to swing the Levinsons but hit the down grade and suffered several reverses which decided him to quit the ring. Andy is now in the employ of the city of Omaha where his many friends wish him ever success for the future.

Duke Slater, former Iowa football star and All-American tackle may try the ring game if his present plans go through. Slater was one of the greatest football men to ever run across a chalk line and should he develop into as great a boxer the heavyweights must look a little out.

Boxing has been introduced as part of the training course for football men at the University of Nebraska. The linesmen box each day in order that they may become adept to using their hands. Coaches Niggemeyer and Bragdon of the Abraham Lincoln High School at Council Buffs are also instructing the younger gridiron warriors in the art of using their paws. The football mentors in an interview with the writer are of the opinion that this is excellent training for the forward wall of a pigskin eleven. "A linesman who cannot use his hands is practically worthless" says Niggemeyer and Bragdon. "Boxing will curb the awkwardness in a man's hands and arms quicker than any other mode of training," say Coaches Dawson and Schulte of Nebraska's great football machine.

PHILADELPHIA NEWS
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN
(The North American)

For fouling Harry (Kid) Brown in the opening indoor show at the Arena, George (Knockout) Chaney of Baltimore has been barred from further bouts in Phillie. Chaney was banished once before but now Director of Public Safety Cortelyou says that he is through as far as Philadelphia is concerned.

Mickey Brown, a newcomer from Trenton, is in Philadelphia, on the lookout for bouts. He is in the same stable with Johnny Maloney and Joe Kansas.

A benefit was recently held at the old National A. C. for Joe Grim, the heavyweight of more than a decage ago. Grim fought all the leading heavyweights in his days and took plenty of punishment but smiled through it all. His Italian friends helped put the show over big, and Joe went on himself with K. O. Sansom.

Patsy Togo is stepping out in the bantamweight class. He claims victories in his last seven bouts.

Mickey Golden, the Kensington flyweight has been coming along with a rush. He made his windup debut against "Peanuts" Merino of Phoenixville in Manayunk, Sept. 27 and also appeared in Reading at a big show Oct. 1. Manager Miles W. Lederer is grooming him for an early appearance at the Arena.

Sammy Gold, a 115-pounder is back in training after a lay-off and is keeping in shape at Jimmy Coster's. Sammy says he is on the warpath again.

One of the largest heavyweight stars in Phillie is Jack Martin. He recently appeared with Jack Hanlon of Lancaster at the Cambria club.

George Godfrey, the big Chester negro, who was a sparring partner for Jack Dempsey, was not able to go through with his bout at the Arena with Battling Siki. The show did not warm up so well and Bobby Barrett and Joe Tiplitz were substituted in the windup. Their first meeting proved a thriller.

Rosey Stoy, the Lancaster lad, is still going good as was shown by his recent victory over Irish Johnny Curtain in Convention Hall, Lancaster. Steve Nitchie is another Lancaster fighter who looks good.

Joe Ritchie has returned from a trip to Louisville where he fought Lew Silvers. He was accompanied by Bobby Dillon.

Bobby Gunnis and Herman Taylor, the boxing impresarios who so successfully conducted the open air shows at the Phillies Ball Park the past summer, are sitting back at present but at the same time looking ahead to another big campaign in 1924. They are still interested in several boxers.

Joe Williams, a bantam who has been boxing for the last six months, looks like a comer and has issued a defi to all the boys in his class.

Manager Joe Smith who looks after Tommy Loughran, the South Philadelphia middleweight, has received many offers for Tom from all parts of the country. His next bout is with Harry Greb, middleweight champion, in Boston, October 11.

Steve Morris, who boxes in 118 pound class, has been taken over by Doc Phelan, who also has several more fighters.

Eddie (Kid) Wagner, after his victory over featherweight champion Johnny Dundee, has been besieged with offers but Manager Max (Boo Boo) Hoff is holding back for something big.

Frankie Williams has returned from Pine Grove, N. J., where he got himself in shape for the 1923-24 boxing campaign.

Teddy Maloney, one of Philadelphia's most noted featherweights of some years ago, is now engaged in the tailoring business.

After a tour of the West, Eddie Mullen is back in Philadelphia. He is in good shape and is campaigning on the trail of Nat Goldman and Georgie Russell.

Allie Nack, well known New York lightweight spent four weeks in Philadelphia appearing in a boxing skit in the "Dancing Girl" Company, at the Shubert Theatre. Nack may shortly leave the theatrical business to go on a boxing tour with Champion Benny Leonard.

Bobby Gunnis, Philadelphia's open air boxing promoter, is trying to get Middleweight Champion Harry Greb to meet Andy "Kid" Palmer in an eight round no-decision contest at the Arena here. Palmer since he placed himself under the management of Gunnis has met with great success, beating Lou Bogash, Jeff Smith, Jimmy Delaney, Jack McCarron and Jackie Clark.

That fighters after their ring days are over can make good in other lines of endeavor, is illustrated in Johnny Lober, who ten years ago was rated as the cleverest bantam in the business, giving Johnny Coulon, Louisiana, Yankee Schwartz, Pal Moore, Danny Dougherty, and other stars of a decade ago all they bargained for, is now a successful automobile salesman with the Ford Motor Company in Philadelphia.

Carl Dietz, lightweight, formerly of Jamestown, N. Y., but now making his home in Philadelphia, is firm in the belief that he knows how to fight southpaws, and has issued a defi to Lew Tendler and George Chaney.

OHIO BOXING NEWS
By GEORGE LEVECQUE

The big fistic treat of the summer outdoor season was held at Cincinnati on Sept. 10 when Billy Ryan and Anthony Downey fought 10 rounds, at the conclusion of which their argument was as near unsettled as when their famous feud started some two years ago. The contest was held at the Cincinnati baseball park and drew a gate of something like $10,000. Their first meeting drew $13,450. That battle was staged at the armory, Cincinnati, last January and it is known that fully 4,000 persons were turned away that night.

"Biddy" Bishop, manager for Downey, said he did not believe there would be any need for a third meeting between the boxers, for the reason that the rules they boxed under would bring only the same results, but said that if it were possible for them to box "straight rules," permitting the men to hit at all times, to fight themselves in and out of clinches, that they may settle their question of supremacy. He also suggested that the limit of rounds be raised to fifteen, which would mean that they would undoubtedly then be able to settle the matter for all time. Ryan's manager, Jimmie Shevlin, said he would let Ryan box under any old rules that would enable the two rivals to decide which is the better man.

The defeat of Jack Zivic of Pittsburgh by K. O. Mars at Columbus, O., on Sept. 3, has upset the plans of Jimmy Bronson, who was getting his man ready for a match with Benny Leonard. Mars received the decision of the two judges after an exciting battle during which Mars showed wonderful cleverness, plenty of speed and an accuracy in hitting seldom seen in a boxing match.

When Phil Bernstein was in Columbus with Frankie Genaro, flyweight champion, he consented to put his champ in a match against Jimmy Katz, the Toledo flyweight, who is regarded as a very clever boxer. Several Ohio promoters are bidding for this match and it will probably be made before the winter season is in full blast.

Harry Forbes, Columbus flyweight, is getting to the top by degrees. This boy is fast, hits well, and is a great crowd-pleaser. His manager, Geo. DeVault, says he is willing to let Forbes box any of the good ones at 118 pounds, but is in no hurry to send him against any champions. Forbes is but 18 years of age.

Youngstown promoters are trying to arrange a match between Anthony Downey and Pal Reed, whom Ray Alvis is now managing. Reed and Downey would make a very interesting battle and as both are willing it is believed the match will be made before the month is out.

Cincinnati papers carried a story recently to the effect that Sammy Sandow had signed a two-year contract to work under the management of Biddy Bishop. Sandow has referee's decisions over Pal Moore, Joe Burman, Roy Moore, Earl Puryear; he has defeated Eddie Weygant, Pete Herman, Tommy Ryan, Tim O'Dowd, Bobby Hughes, and has draws with Kid Williams, Joey Sanger, Dick Loadman and others. Sandow is 27 years of age and in good condition.

Mike O'Rourke, Columbus promoter, says he believes that K. O. Mars in his present condition can defeat any junior lightweight in the world. He has promoted many of Mars' contests and says his work gives better satisfaction than any other boxer he has ever used.

Blocky Richards and Young Webb, Dayton, O., lightweights, have revived interest in boxing in the cash register city, and once again they are drawing good crowds there. They recently boxed a 12-round draw.

K. O. Mars and Sammy Mandell boxed a 10-round draw at Covington, Ky., recently. The Covington arena is just across the river from Cincinnati. Jock Malone and Frank Carbone boxed there in August.

Joe Downey, the Columbus heavyweight boxer who recently went 10 rounds with Louis Firpo at Indianapolis, is in good shape and ready to box again. Downey stands 6 feet 2 and weighs 185.

Biddy Bishop has arranged an agreement with the manager of Farmer Lodge to make matches for the big Minnesota heavyweight in Ohio.

The Ring's Compilation of Champions Throughout the World

World Champions	Heavyweight	Light-Heavyweight	Middleweight	Welterweight	Lightweight	Featherweight	Bantamweight	Flyweight
	Dempsey	McTigue	Greb	Walker	Leonard	Dundee	Lynch	Villa
Country								
America	Dempsey	Tunney	Greb	Walker	Leonard	Kilbane	Lynch	Genaro
England	Beckett	Bloomfield	Todd	(Vacant)	Mason	Fox	Lake	Wilde
France	Siki	Morelle	Charles	Porcher	Bretonnel	Criqui	Ledoux	Gleizes
Belgium	Van Humbeck	Julios	Devos	Hobin	Germain	Wyns	Scillie	Montreuil
Holland	Van Der Veer	Westbroeck	Westbroeck	Van derHoff	Van derHoff	Van Vliet	Van Dyke	(Vacant)
Italy	Spalla	Contro	Bruno	Bosisio	Sarboni	(Vacant)	Bosetti	Marzorati
Germany	Breittenstraeter	Buckzum	Prenzel	(Vacant)	Naujocks	Sasse	Grass	Kohler
Spain	Teixidor	Molero	Carlos	Haas	Zaldwar	Miro	(Vacant)	Ferrand
Switzerland	Clement	Clement	Baechli	Maestrini	Baas	Simeth	(Vacant)	(Vacant)
Australia	Ern Waddy	Ern Waddy	Tommny Uren	Fred Kay	Hughey Dwyer	Ernie Baxter	Jimmy Semmens	George Mendies
Europe	Spalla (Italy)	McTigue (Ireland)	Todd (England)	Hobin (Belgium)	Mason (England)	Criqui (France)	Lake (England)	Montreuil (Belgium)

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TAD'S TID BITS

(*Continued from page 7*)

Between McKenna's menacing look at the ringside and Gans' terrible swings and jabs, "Birdlegs" Collins chose the latter, and was knocked out in the fourth round.

From Leadville the string of fighters, under management of McKenna, went to Cripple Creek.

The town was billed like a circus and the newspapers were liberal with their space.

At Cripple Creek Peter Everett ("Mexican" Pete) was added to the bunch.

"Mexican" Pete was a pretty good cross-country fighter in the heavyweight class, and he was scheduled to meet Sharkey. The latter agreed to knock the Mexican out in three rounds or forfeit $500.

Sharkey had not trained and was soft and not acclimated. The Mexican was in good condition.

With his vicious way of fighting and thinking to terrorize Pete at the outset, Sharkey sailed in, but Pete ducked, sidestepped, countered and sparred like a champion.

In the second round Pete was the aggressor and landed repeated body blows, which disparaged and even disheartened Sharkey.

About the middle of the third round Sharkey saw he was beaten, and purposely wrestled the Mexican to the canvas.

While Pete was sitting upright on his haunches Sharkey deliberately fouled him to save himself from defeat.

"Mexican" Pete was unpopular among the crowd, but when the unfair blow was struck the miners rounded to him and demanded a decision in his favor on a foul.

The referee, "Shorty" Johnson, was forced to declare in favor of the Mexican.

Following the Sharkey-"Mexican" Pete fight was a preliminary between Jack Johnson and Bob Armstrong.

The receipts of the house were far below expectations, and as the expenses of the big string of fighters were heavy, Johnson and Armstrong shared $18 for their bit.

COLORADO BOXING NOTES
By SAM BUXBAUM

Lester Joint, widely known Denver man, has one of the best balanced stables of boxers in the western country. Although little is known of some of the boys he has, they are there when is comes to pleasing the fans. He has under his wing, Eddie Mumma, 105 pounds, Frankie Manila, 118 lbs., Bill Wilpole, 135 lbs. and Jake Spahn, 145 pounds.

In his two starts in September, Bud Hamilton registered kayoes against his opponents, when he stopped Kewpie Callender in the sixth and Joe Kelly in four. Hamilton will leave for the south and western coast to try his hand in the four round game, where it is predicted he will be a sensation.

Willie Hope, Denver's lightweight boxer is going great in the four round game on the Pacific coast. Tod Sloan, his manager has so many offers for his services that he has to turn down half of them. Hope's friends and admirers in Colorado, where he was a great favorite with the fans, are keeping in close touch with his work and wishing him luck.

Tommy Commiskey, Denver middleweight boxer, has broken from his managers, and will be his own pilot until he can get someone to do his business. Commiskey is a promising youngster and with careful handling will be up in the first flight in another year or so.

Jack Dudley, lightweight boxer, formerly of St. Louis but now of Denver, is in condition to tackle any of the western 135 pounders. Dudley has boxed some of the best boys his weight around the middle-west and will make any of them step some to cop the verdict.

Charley Buckweaver, Pueblo fight manager, who looks after the interests of Jim Flynn, the veteran heavyweight, says that Flynn is far from being all in and is going better now than he ever did.

Eddie Collins, colored lightweight boxer from the coast is anxious to invade the Mountain states' rings with any of the 135 pounders. Collins is going back to the coast if he does not get a chance to show his skill around these parts in the near future.

BOXING BITS FROM MEXICO
By DON CEE

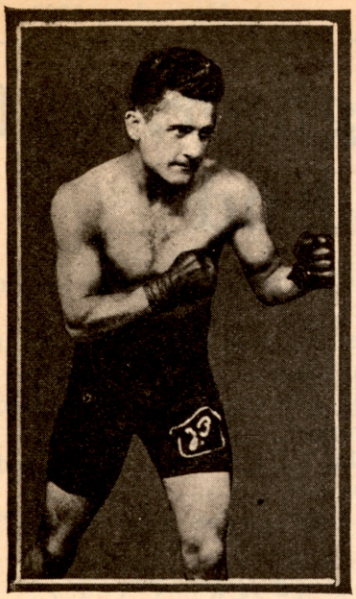
There are now two boxing clubs operating in Mexico City, the Plaza De Toros (bull ring) with a seating capacity of 50,000 and the Fronton, the latest club to open, has a seating capacity of 8,000. Baldomero Romero, is the matchmaker for the Plaza De Toros and employs M. A. Lieberman, formerly of San Antonio, Texas, as his assistant, while Julius Montez, formerly of San Antonio, Texas, is the sole matchmaker for the Fronton. The Mexico City promoters rely almost entirely upon getting their boxing talent through the "Don Curley" booking agency located in San Antonio, Texas, at 110 W. Travis Street. As San Antonio, is the main gateway to Mexico, it is the best location for boxers to start from if they desire work in the various Mexican cities that are now open to boxing.

Laredo Texas and her sister city on the Mexico side of the Rio Grande River, Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, both are open to boxing. Nuevo Laredo, has two clubs operating, however one of them is but a small club and caters only to local talent.

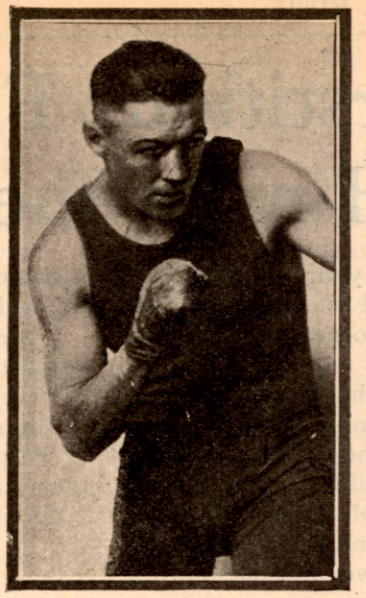
One can see a couple boxing bouts every night in Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, as the boxing bug has caught the Latin Americans in such a grip, that even the cabaret proprietors are putting on one or two boxing contests between local Mexican boys nightly. The cabaret bouts are from four to six rounds duration. By 8:30 P. M. American time, the cabarets are packed by Vaqueros and Americanos seeking the cooling night breezes and refreshments that are denied on the American side of the Rio Grande (the Cabarets are all open air). The fights are announced at 8:30 and a pass-the-hat collection taken for the boys who are to box, the boxers are then called together by a referee out on the cabaret dance floor, given instructions and they are off, fighting all over the space enclosed for dancing, (there is no roped ring). The boys participating in the cabaret bouts are small fellows and sometimes not over ten years of age.

Tiger Flowers, the dusky middleweight mauler of Atlanta Georgia, was under contract to fight Jeff Smith at Juarez, Mexico, on Sept. 21st, but bad luck overtook the Tiger in Mexico City when he broke his hand on Jim Flynn in the 5th round of a scheduled 20 round battle on Sept. 17th, which misfortune caused Walk Miller, the hustling manager of Flowers, to cancel four good fights for his charge. The Tiger was to have fought in Juarez, Mexico, San Antonio, Texas, a return fight in Mexico City and one in Havana, Cuba Tiger Flowers is looked upon in the Southwest and Mexico, as a world beater and the Mexicanos will bank their last peso on him to win against any boy.

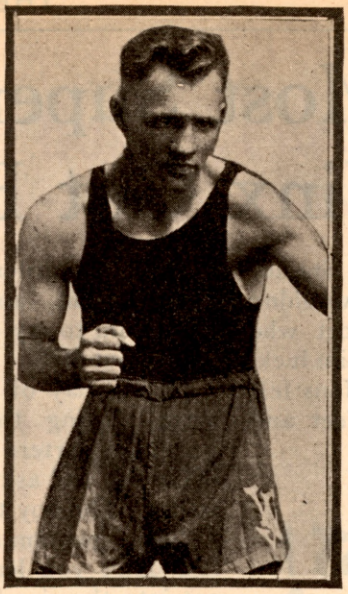
Freeman Bernstein, the man who was instrumental in putting on the Willard-Johnson fight in Havana, Cuba, is now in Mexico City and making the effort to lease the Plaza De Toros (bull ring) from Joe 'Del Rivero, the owner. It is Bernstein's wish to promote championship fights in the Mexico Metropolis and he seems big enough to go through with his wish.



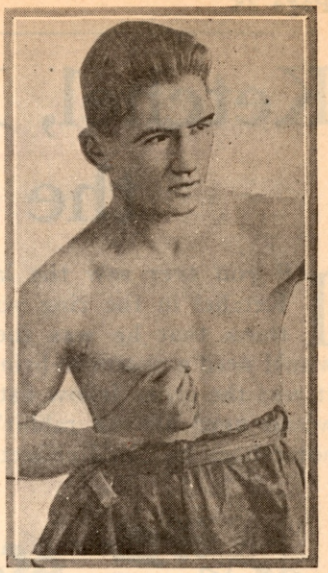
Hughie Dwyer, Australian lightweight champion, who lost the decision to Joe Welling at Madison Square Garden, in his New York debut



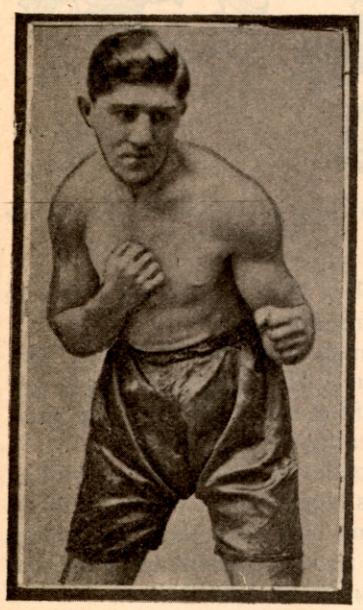
Johnny Corona, who hails from Stockton, Calif., and has fought such boys as Roy Moore and Lew Paluso



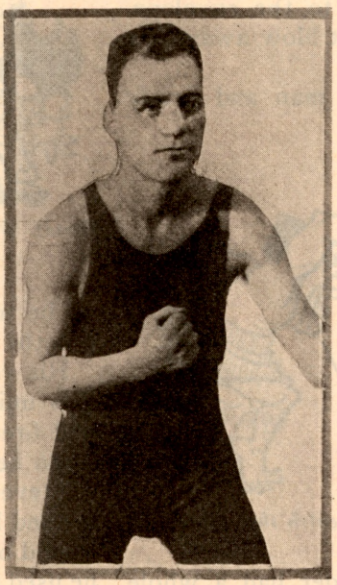
Johnny Wasmus, the Ridgewood Bearcat, who never fails to provide action when he is in the ring



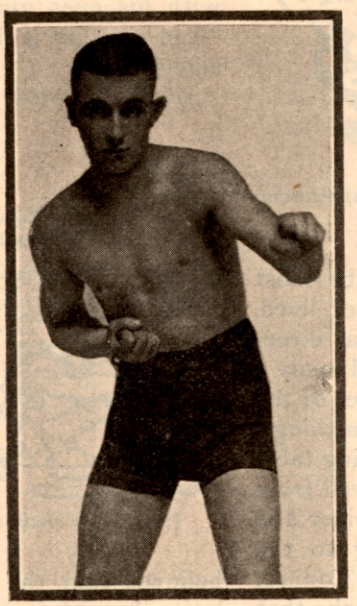
Frankie Jerome, the Bronx Spider, whose recent battle with Carl Duane in Madison Square Garden is now past history



Red Chapman, New England's featherweight contender who has decisions over Charley Beecher and Lew Paluso

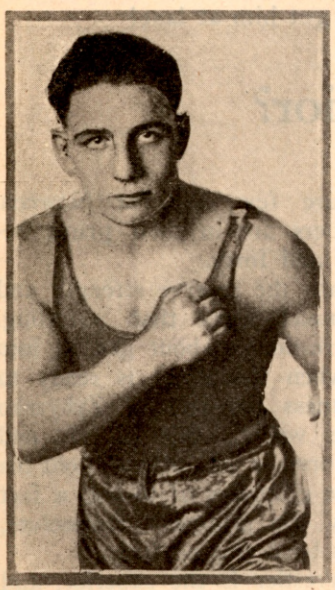


Frankie Curry, featherweight from the Gas House District of New York City, who holds decisions over Abe Friedman and Spencer Gardner

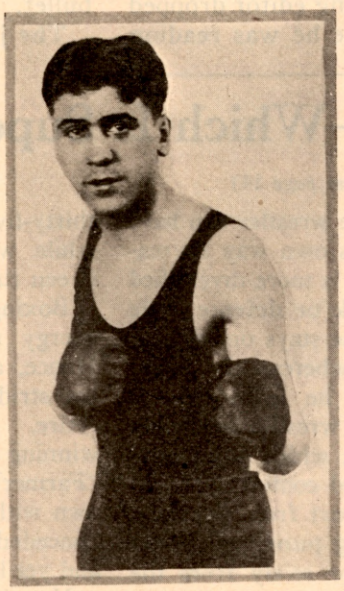


Mickey Pasquale, Newark's star Bantam and K. O. hitter.

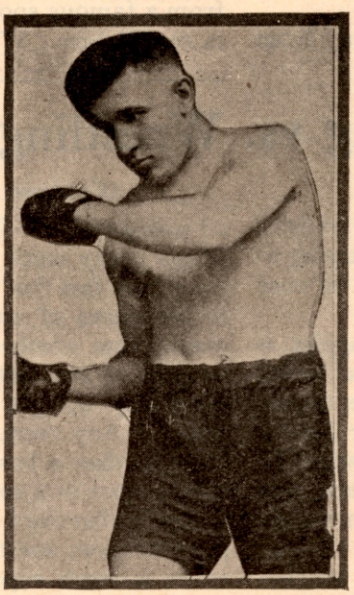
Len Brenner of Lancaster, Pa., a flyweight who gained prominence by beating Benny Schwartz and Eddie Kid Wolfe



Mike Ballerino of Bayonne, N. J., a stable-mate of Pancho Villa's and no mean fisticuffian himself



Henny Catena, flyweight champion of the National Guard, who holds a knockout victory over ex-champion, Johnny Buff



Chick Kansas, bantam product of Phila., who is battling in good form around various Jersey clubs

Lew Silver, Atlanta schoolboy, who is winning his battles by the knockout route

Ketchel, Most Superstitious Fighter, but the Jinx Got Him in the End

IF you ever saw the late Stanley Ketchel in the ring you wouldn't think that he was the sort who would need a charm to bring him luck. It was the other fellow fistic fans felt would need all the rabbit's feet and horseshoes he could collect.

Still Steve was one of the most superstitious fighters that ever lived.

Still "Steve" was one of the most superstitious fighters that ever lived. Bill Rodgers, old-time physical director and trainer of Ketchel, told many a yarn of Steve's fears and fancies of the supernatural powers of certain things.

Once he was lying on a rubbing table when a spider slid down his web from the ceiling. Ketch saw the spider and jumped off the table, yelling to the son of his manager, Joe O'Connor, "Hey, get a chair and catch that spider." They all thought Steve had gone nutty, but the lad captured the insect and Ketchel put it in an envelope.

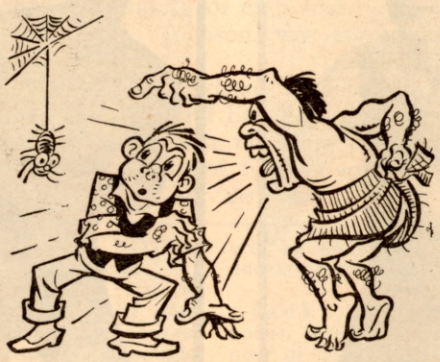
"Don't let that spider get away from you or I'll murder you," he said to the pop-eyed lad, "and on the day I fight bring him to my corner—and don't be late about it."

On the day of the fight while they were getting things ready at the training quarters he called for young O'Connor and asked him if he had the spider. The boy told him he had.

"Well, get him and bring him to me and don't you leave my side until I get into the ring."

When they reached the arena Steve ordered the lad to put the envelope under his chair and sit near his corner with his eyes glued to the envelope. "And see that it don't blow away," he added.

Ketchel nailed his man and firmly believed that the spider had a whole lot to do with it.



Hey, get a chair and catch that spider

Ketchel was training at Joe Millet's at Colma, California, when a couple of strangers with a letter of introduction from a famous sporting editor dropped in to see him. While he was reading it one of them placed his straw hat on the bed.

Steve leaped up as if shot and let out a yell that startled the whole camp.

"Haven't you any sense," he roared at the stranger.

"What have I done," meekly queried the visitor.

"Done, done, you've done enough,"

Done? What have you done? You've put the iinx on me

as he took a kick at the hat, "you've put the jinx on me."

His remedy to get rid of the jinx was unique. He went out, got a gat and fired four shots through the roof. Then he calmed down.

Steve believed that if he walked around his chair before sitting down it would bring him good luck. Although he used to receive present after present of silk trunks he would never discard the old ones.

And after all, poor Steve had to pass out in the prime of life by an assassin's bullet.

The jinx got him at last!

Boxing vs. Wrestling—Which Is Superior?

(*Continued from page* 14)

he must get close enough to the grappler to deliver one. It is while he is trying to do this that the grappler can get in close and get a hold.

Those who think that a grappler is slow, even in comparison to a boxer, should avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing either Lewis or Stanislaus Zybyzsko in action. They would be due for an eye-opener. And these men both weigh over 225 pounds when trained down fine.

In fact, all recorded mixed matches have terminated quickly, and generally in favor of the wrestler. Boiled down it all comes to this: The wrestler can have things pretty much his own way by reason of the fact that he is more diversified in his means of attack or defense. He doesn't care whether he stays on his feet or gets to the mat, whereas the boxer must stay upright if he is to have a chance. Any average wrestler has more strength than a boxer, which is no little consequence in a mixed contest.

As an afterword, apart from the main point in view, wrestling purely as an exercise is much superior solely from the fact that the wrestlers last longer. Boxers who are any good at all after they pass thirty-five are few and far between, while wrestlers are in their prime between thirty and forty.

Boxing saps the reserve strength and energy so much more than wrestling. Hence, a wrestler is about getting into his stride when the boxer is ready to retire. Witness the feat of Zybyzsko winning the world's title at 42, and "Farmer" Burns is still able to hold his own with the grapplers of to-day, a fact conceded by the grapplers themselves, and yet he is bordering on sixty.

No, the wrestler is the superior, and let no one tell you otherwise.

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